JOHN BULL, APRIL 30, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1350.

RECORD £3,000 CROSSWORD See page 32.

JOHN BULL

Why Married Women Lose their Looks

WITH all the troubles of a home upon your shoulders, all the worries of making both ends meet, all the cares and anxieties of children, is it any wonder you find yourself getting run down, your looks beginning to go? Is it surprising that your nerves get "ragged"? It would be amazing if they didn't.

Yet that is the way homes get broken up, and, if you only knew, it is the simplest thing in the world to prevent it. However trying household cares can be these days, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the strength-giving elements of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, is much more than a stimulant, it creates rich, new blood, soothes jaded, restless nerves and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour. Over 20,000 recommendations have been given by medical men.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 141, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Prices 5/6 and 3/3

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly?

Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shop-keepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with **Sturmey-Archer** 3-speed gear and **Dunlop** tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15 - Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who

Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, DEPT. 24, COVENTRY

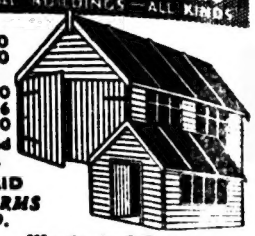
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL POUND VALUE — A SQUARE GUARANTEE — FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 36

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS — ALL KINDS



GARAGES:
10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
15' x 9' ... £12.1.0

HUTS:
6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID
DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY!

Start a Profitable Business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material which you could easily produce in your Spare Time. My Wonderful All-Steel Adana Machine prints anything from a Chemist's Label to an Illustrated Magazine. **Special Easy Payment Terms.** Send for Free details and Samples of actual work produced.

45/-

D. A. ADANA (J.B.51), 17, Church St., Twickenham.
London Showrooms: Lingate House, Fleet St., E.C.4.

BABY-CLOTHES

A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, Cloth, Nightdes. Wrapper Vests, Flannels, Flan. or Winsey Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2 - for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

Another purchaser writes:—"Both myself and husband are delighted. Every expectant mother should know of your most genuine and exceptional Baby-clothes Bargain."

SENSATIONAL OFFER

Write for Patterns of these Spring Curtain Fabrics.

40" WIDE PLAIN FILET NET

Usual Price 1/3 per yd. **8D. per yard**

In Ivory and Biscuit.

Also 50" wide, 9d. per yd.

Also remarkable value in Guaranteed Fadeless Heavy Mercerised Repp at 1/- per yd., and Woven Multi-stripe Casement at 6d. per yd.

BRITISH UNITED PRODUCTS, 1 & 2, Baden Place, London, S.E.1.

Don't scrap that old ACCUMULATOR

Put new life into it with **Accumuloid Super Charge.** Sulphation instantly disappears, bad plates improve visibly, leaving accumulator equal to new. Gives more hours per charge and doubles life of any accumulator.

CAR SIZE 4/6 **1/6**

Try this wonderful discovery for that old Car or Wireless accumulator and save money. Remember, Accumuloid Super Charge acts instantly. Two-cell size 1/6 per tin post free. Car-size 4/6

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fixed in a moment!

TROUSERS CREASED PERFECTLY

Simply slip the **"MEDWAY" TROUSER STRETCHER** into each leg overnight and you have a perfect crease that will stay in. More efficient than the old type and costs a fraction of the price. Expands and contracts to all usual sizes. Trousers keep smart and wear longer if the "MEDWAY" is fixed in each pair when not in use.

ALL BRITISH—MADE BY EX-SERVICE MEN. 1/6 per pair; 4 pairs, 5/-; 6 pairs, 7/6. Post free. NICKEL PLATED, 9d. pair extra.

Order now. Obtainable only from

Medway Products Co. (Dept. 91), 34, Gabriels Hill, Maidstone, Kent.

PER PAIR **1/6** POST FREE

DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY

BUY NEW CURTAINS NOW *during spring-cleaning*

29,500 YARDS CURTAIN NETS FADELESS CURTAINING AND CRETONNES

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DIRECT FROM THE MILLS from **3D. YD.**

ACTUAL PATTERNS; PLAIN, HEMSTITCHED, INSERTED REPPS, POPLINS, SATIN STRIPES, FADELESS COLOURS: ALL AT LOWEST PRICES.

PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED

By buying direct you make a leisured choice in your own home; you get a beautiful variety to choose from; you are not influenced to buy what you don't want . . . . AND YOU SAVE MONEY.

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'SUNGLOW' FADELESS NETS & CRETONNES Over 200 beautiful styles. Buy British and secure the best.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (J.B.10) MASON STREET, MANCHESTER

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An Offer to Heavy Smokers

Cut down your smokes—cigarettes, pipes or cigars—and satisfy the craving with "Easoff," the tonic chewing gum. I will send you

A month's supply for 3/- POST PAID

and particulars of a scheme that enables me to refund you your money in full if you get your chemist to stock "Easoff" (Patent 345242. Foreign patents pending.)

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'EASOFF' THE TONIC CHEWING GUM

NOW END RUPTURE

trouble and expense. Be stronger than ever—CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY, under solid money-back **GUARANTEE.** No matter what you have tried, let me send it to you on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL at my risk. Saves pounds on belts. Greatest rupture discovery made. NO promises—NO elastic trusses, but a wonderful New British Invention.

Guinea Value for 8/6

2 Pairs MEN'S HOSE FREE

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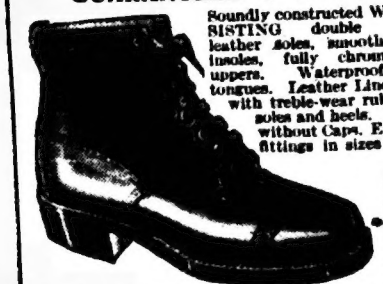
GUARANTEED 9 MONTHS.



Soundly constructed WET RESISTING double English leather soles, smooth leather insoles, fully chrome calf uppers. Waterproof double tongues. Leather Lined. Also with treble-wear rubber outsoles and heels. With or without Caps. Extra wide fittings in sizes 6—11.

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Post 9d. or C.O.D. 4d. extra.

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The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

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WE WILL NOT ADVANCE OUR PRICES

(While Present Stocks last)

All new arrivals subject to 10% Tariff.

GREENHOUSES Complete from **£2.10.0**

Bungalows fr. £16.7.6 Summer Houses fr. £1.5.0

FRAMES from .. **8/9**

POULTRY HOUSES from .. **22/6**

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Works: Riley Works, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

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WALL-PAPER DRY CLEANER

IT'S BRITISH!

Removes all smoke, dust and grime from Wall-paper, Distemper and Ceilings. Just rub on. Two tins (enough for two rooms) delivered free in U.K. for 2/6.

Send P.O. to-day, or pay C.O.D.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE states:—"*Our tests showed that WA-KLEEN fulfils the claims made for it.*"

WA-KLEENA LTD., Dept. J.B., Scottish House, Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C.1.

LOCAL BUYING AGENTS WANTED.

for the NEWEST DESIGNS for TRIPLE WEAR!

108 SQ. FT. for 3/- with order OR 14/6 cash

TRI-NOLEUM

FREE PATTERN PIECES

It will not be possible much longer to sell superior TRI-NOLEUM at the same price as ordinary floor coverings, so ORDER NOW!

3/- with order brings 108 sq. ft., carriage paid. Balance fortnightly. Cash Price 14/6. Larger areas at same rate. TRI-NOLEUM wears three times as long as ordinary lino. Lies flat without tacks or paste. Never needs scrubbing. Damp-proof and rot-proof. Beautiful bright patterns; wide selection. Post this COUPON for free patterns NOW!

To Jones' Stores, 51, London Road, Croydon.

Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

Name .....

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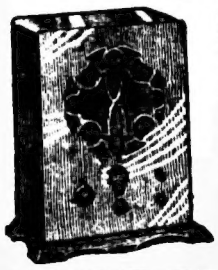
UNSURPASSED for SHEER VALUE

"MIRACLE" WIRELESS SETS from 75/-



Beautifully toned, full-volumed, 2, 3 and 4-Valve Sets at pounds-saving Direct-from-Factory-to-Listener prices. All "Miracle" Sets have single dial tuning and are super-selective. Every Set stringently tested and sent on 7 days' approval.

BRITISH MADE, complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. It does not pay you to attempt to build your own set when you can get such marvellous value as this. Send Coupon NOW for Illustrations and full particulars;

10/- DOWN & 10/- MONTHLY.

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To World's Wireless, Ltd., Dept. J.B.22, 77, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5.
Please send me Illustrations and particulars
(Write in CAPITAL letters, using a pencil)
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SOLID SILVER WATCHES

NO DEPOSIT

JEWELLED MOVEMENTS

WARRANTED FOR 15 YEARS

GENT'S WATCH. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6.

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7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Write for Catalogue.

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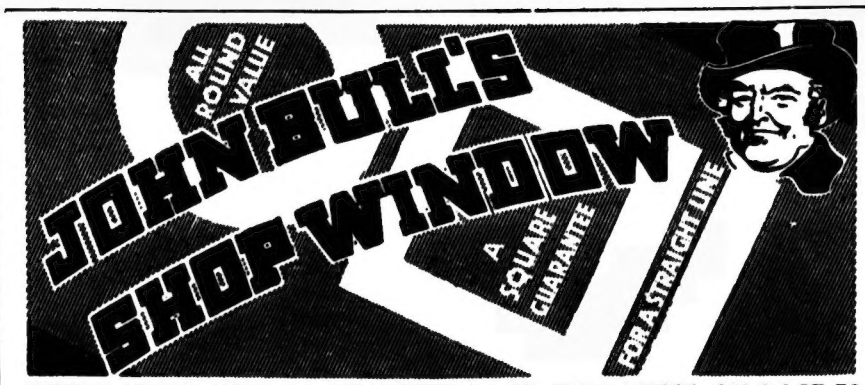

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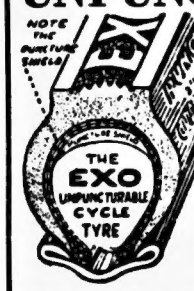
UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES 3/11



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Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Parts. 5/- in the £ saving.

Trade enquiries invited.

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GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER

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To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it and we will refund your 19/6 together with 1/- for your trouble in sending. **The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Bargains.** Don't send money now, but examine patterns first.

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Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self-measurement form to:

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14, PITLAKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.

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WHY NOT PAY 1/- MORE

and so obtain **FULL SIZE** articles in **TIP-TOP** qualities which last twice as long.

TWO HEMSTITCHED BLEACHED SHEETS, 72 x 100; **ONE GENUINE 'TWITNACRE' BED SET** comprising **TWO HEMSTITCHED BLEACHED PILLOW CASES, ONE HEMSTITCHED BLEACHED BOLSTER CASE**, 20 x 30 and 20 x 60; **TWO CREAM FLEECY BLANKETS**, 60 x 80; **ONE SUPER COLOURED QUILT**, 64 x 84.

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24 lb. Featherweights, Sports Touring Models etc., at a genuine Cash Saving. Cash or easy terms. Every Cycle Accessory. Just send P.C. "Catalogue Please."

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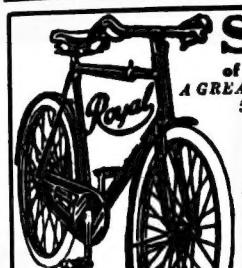

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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

5-Guinea Models for **59/6**

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3-Speed Model de Luxe for **79/6**

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Numerous other models at similar reductions.

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All Models guaranteed for 50 years

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£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

THE HIGHEST PAID SPARE-TIME OPPORTUNITY

Earn a large regular income and be free from money worries. Our Commission terms always ahead of others. Become an agent for

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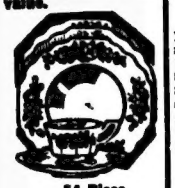
ORGANISERS REQUIRED IN EVERY DISTRICT to form our popular 20-week clubs. Earn Big Money in your spare time without effort, outlay or worry. To do yourselves and your pockets full justice, prospective organisers and organisers of other clubs should not fail to send for particulars and 192-page catalogue showing the wonderful goods of the "B.B.B." Club—Britain's Best Bargains—and see for yourselves that our commission terms are now the highest paid and our goods better value.

2 Dining Room Chairs

Reclining Armchair 10/-



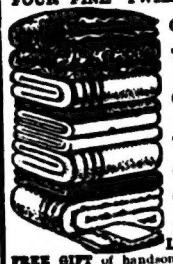
54-Piece Tea-set 29/-

MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN

CARR PAID 40/-

WITH FREE GIFT OF HANDSOME TWELVE-PIECE CUTLERY SET.

The value of our Bedding Bales is well known, but the contents of the Monster Bales now offered exceeds by far anything offered previously. The quantity of articles has been doubled, but the quality remains the same. Guaranteed British Made and for Full Size Double Beds.



ONE Art **DOWN QUILT** (Sateen cover and panels).
FOUR ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped and bordered.
FOUR FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
ONE lovely **ALHAMBRA QUILT.**
TWO PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
TWO STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS.
ONE FLORAL BEDROOM RUG.
TWO PAIRS CASEMENT CURTAINS, or PAIR of long **NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS.**

FREE GIFT of handsome 12-piece Cutlery Set comprising 3 Sheffield Stainless Dessert Knives, also 3 Dessert Forks, 3 Dessert Spoons, and 3 Teaspoons, all in good quality Stainless Nickel. Nicely packed in an attractive case.

40/- Carriage Paid

EXTRA GIFT *of a charming* **CLOCK** *suitable for any room,*

if full cash sent with order.

This Bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.

Treasury Notes should be registered.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

L. & C. MOSS, (Dept. 25), 38, Cannel Street, Ancoats, **MANCHESTER.**

HALL'S LUXOLEUM FLOOR COVERING

ALL BRITISH **15/- FOR 108 SQ. FEET**

BEST QUALITY

Write P.C. now for FREE SAMPLES of this wonderful damp-proof and rot-proof floor covering. Suitable for any floor as it lies quite flat. Will stand any amount of hard wear. Many suitable designs also stair covering.

Trade enquiries invited.

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WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

Send p.o. now to

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Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO 4/11

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 8/11. Fine quality silk elastic 12/11. Sizes 32-44—6/- extra on all.

SPRING SALE!

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 Woolly Blankets	80x60
2 Strong Sheets	70x60
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
1 White Bolster Case	58x20
1 Art. Bedspread	84x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Damask Table Cloth	
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Chamois Polishers	
1 Pr. Art. Silk Stockings	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
1 Lady's Printed Overall	

Carr. Free. **20/-** Cash or C.O.D.

No further Payments.

FREE GIFT of a handsome **WARSED DOWN QUILT** sent with each bale.

Satisfaction or money back

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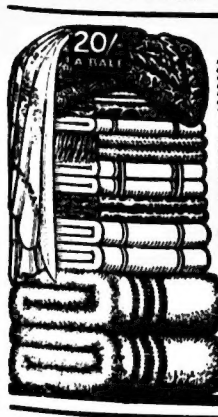


SALE!!

2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE

Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

Money back if not satisfied.

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each Bale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (MURMAX), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 181, Princess Street, Manchester.

COST OVER 20/- PER PAIR

These tan shooting boots were made for U.S. Army, at a cost of over 20/- per pair, and are built of very best materials throughout. **Stout tan grain uppers, ½ in. sole, hand-sewn principle, whole lift heels, everything of the best.** Ideal for golf or general wear. Clearing the remaining sizes, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

8/-

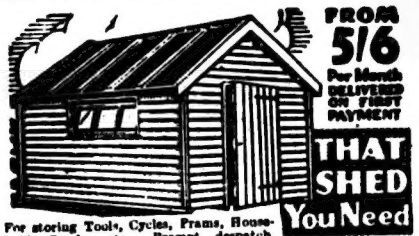
Size 5 (ideal for boys), 6/-.

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. (or C.O.D.)

Every Pair Guaranteed.

Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10/-, post 9d.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.



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THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, strong planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
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8 ft. x	6 ft. x	6½ ft.	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
10 ft. x	7 ft. x	7½ ft.	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

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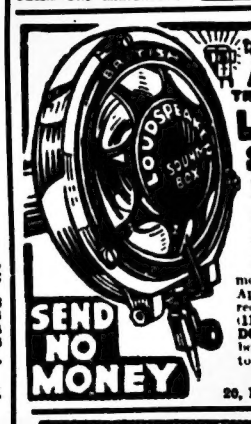

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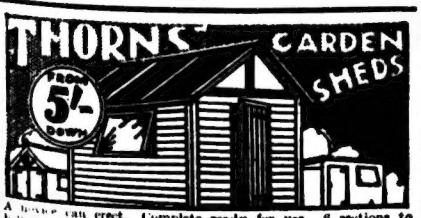

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BLACKMAIL TRIALS: The TRUTH

It is easy to tear the mask off "Mr. X"

ALMOST every day now the mysterious "Mr. X" figures in the news. And it is time to ask whether this device for concealing the identity of the blackmailer's prosecutor is a failure and whether more drastic action is not necessary for suppressing the "next most serious crime to murder."

Certainly the present flood of court cases shows that the blackmailer is snapping his fingers at the system by which our judges encourage blackmail victims to prosecute by endeavouring to protect them under the mask of such anonymities as "Mr. X" or "Mr. Y."

In theory it sounds admirable. In practice it has turned out to be otherwise.

In most cases all that the judges, with the best intentions in the world, have succeeded in doing is to focus attention on the particular action in which the name of the prosecutor is withheld.

By inventing such labels as "Mr. X" or "Mr. Y" they create mystery. A case which might otherwise pass unnoticed immediately takes on a new interest when the leading figure is described as "Mr. So and So" and not by his real name.

Interested parties and curiosity mongers go out of their way to find out the identity of the man or woman whose name is concealed.

There are scores of instances in which a man called "Mr. X" has been immediately known to all his friends and enemies by the very report of the circumstances and localities mentioned in court.

The Danger

THERE is no useful purpose served by concealing the name of the man if everything else about him is made known.

By making a mystery of the identity of a blackmail victim, it frequently happens that the full details are made known to everyone from whom the man most wanted to withhold his tragic secret—his relatives, friends, business associates, and other interested parties.

In fact, the danger from publicity has become so great that quite recently a London solicitor advised his client to go on paying the blackmailer rather than run the risk of bringing the case to court and arousing curiosity by a well-meaning judicial decision to refer to him as "Mr. X."

It was imperative for the man's well-being and happiness that no one should know the secret of the blackmailer. Its discussion in open court was far too risky a proceeding. And so he goes on paying out hard-earned money to the scoundrel who knows his secret.

Blackmail cases should be held in camera in the interests of common humanity. Concealing the identity of the prosecutor is obviously not enough.

Blackmail is stalking the land like a plague. It is more prevalent at this moment than at any time in the history of our country.

An eminent King's Counsel has described it as slow murder. Each day brings its victims to lawyers' offices in the Temple in a state of abject terror and nervous collapse.

They tell their tragic story. Often they are being blackmailed for some venial offence, but the general knowledge of which would cause them grievous harm if it became known to wife or employer. The blackmailer knows this and sends his threatening letters beginning with the ominous word "Unless . . ."

Men have been reduced to beggary in their efforts to placate their tormentors. Once the blackmailer finds he can intimidate his victim, he goes on increasing his demands until they become intolerable. Blackmail has caused more suicides than coroners' inquests have ever revealed.

It is a standing disgrace in our society that hundreds of blackmailers are at this moment pursuing their infamous profession with impunity.

They laugh at the law. They are undeterred by the system of concealing their victim's identity. They know they can go on milking their victim, who will always be terrified to go to law in case anything should leak out.

Almost the only thing concealed in a blackmail case is the name of the prosecutor. The rest is recorded in evidence—the man's calling, the approximate locality where he lives and a hundred-and-one other details.

Change Wanted

EVEN assuming that the suppression of the victim's name were effective in hiding his identity, it must be remembered that the courts are public and English law demands the personal appearance of the prosecutor in the witness-box. The world is a very small place, and few men can go into a court and give evidence without being recognised by someone.

There must be a change in legal procedure to protect the victim of blackmail.

If the blackmailer knew he was bound to be brought to justice without the slightest harm accruing to his victim, he would disappear at once, and the world would be a happier place for many men and women to live in.

It may be argued that the suppression of details of blackmail cases would withhold information from the public which would instruct them in the knowledge and penalties of the law.

But we say that blackmail is such a menace that exception ought to be made. Blackmail is more serious than any academic argument.

At the present time cases concerning the welfare of infants heard in the Chancery Division are held *in camera*. No details are forthcoming for publication, and solicitors, barristers and their clerks are bound to secrecy.

Liable for Contempt

ANY editor who publishes details of such an action holds himself liable to imprisonment for contempt of court, while if a lawyer engaged in the case should disclose any fact which harms any person concerned, then he commits a breach of duty and a civil offence.

The result is that you get as complete secrecy as any law procedure can desire.

A similar procedure should be followed for cases of blackmail. The prosecutor must be protected, while, at the same time, the fullest publicity should be given to the blackmailer when he is ultimately sentenced.

It is high time that this insidious process of slow murder should come to an end.

Hundreds of lives are menaced by the hidden hand of blackmailing scoundrels. Innocent men are being driven to desperation for some trifling irregularity of their own lives which is no offence in law, but which can be used as a lever by the blackmailer to extort money.

It is the duty of the law to protect its citizens. Its present attitude to blackmail merely aggravates the evil.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Big Crisis at Scotland Yard Breaks

THE crisis at Scotland Yard, which we predicted some weeks ago, has now arrived. Two more of the Big Five will be following Superintendent Cooper out very shortly—and that's not the end.

At least one chief inspector and a dozen senior inspectors are going, too, and changes are to be made in the leadership of the criminal investigation departments at six important London divisions.

As vacancies thus occur at the Yard and elsewhere, many younger detectives are to be promoted.

Re-shuffles

The uniformed branch of the Metropolitan Police is also receiving attention, and Lord Trenchard and his principal advisers are considering schemes for bringing about greater efficiency.

The establishment of a national force—though pooh-poohed in many circles when forecast by us recently—is also claiming a lot of attention from a committee now sitting, at the instance of the Home Office, to study police problems.

Mr. MacDonald's future

The recurrence of the Premier's eye trouble has produced the expected flood of alarmist rumours that it will force him into almost immediate retirement. We do not take them too seriously.

Mr. MacDonald certainly needs, and will take, an early holiday, and, except for a possible flying visit, it is doubtful if he will be seen in the Commons until after Whitsun.

But there's happily no reason why his indisposition should force him out of politics at a time when the nation can least afford to lose his services.

If he went—

Meanwhile, it is interesting to watch the game of Premier-making that is going on.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is, of course, tipped as a possible successor, if Mr. MacDonald quits, but not so confidently since his "Nothing for Anybody" Budget.

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Runciman are named as the Chancellor's most serious rivals, and even Sir Robert Horne, a former Chancellor, is given a place.

More coronets

The Premier is proposing to create more new peers to strengthen his group of National Labour supporters in the House of Lords.

One of them is likely to be a famous industrialist who hitherto has not been associated with any particular Party.

The lion's share

It is all very well to talk of helping the Danube States, but loans raised by the League of Nations in the last ten years for the aid of Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and the other States total £79,000,000.

Nearly half of that was raised in Britain, while France—whose Danubian policy we have been supporting—raised only £2,500,000.

We've already done more than our share of financial first-aid for Europe.

Law's loophole

Mr. Frank Briant, M.P. for North Lambeth, has found a grave fault in the Workmen's Compensation Act, which requires a man suffering from an industrial disease to get a certificate from the certifying surgeon of the district in which he was working.

But compensation has been denied to two men working in ships, for the sea is not a district in the eyes of the law.

We hope Mr. Briant succeeds in persuading the Government to introduce an amending Bill to remedy this.

What the Premier Will Do

Ghouls Who Rob the Dying

Lord Trenchard on the Job . .

Spring Cleaning at the Yard

We pay—

Russia's war debt to Britain now amounts to the colossal figure of £1,066,480,000, and we have to foot the bill for interest charges — about fifty millions a year.

This is a cruel burden for taxpayers, but as the Anglo-Soviet debt negotiations have broken down it seems that nothing can be done about it.

Bank fight

The reduction of the Bank Rate to 3 per cent. should not have surprised JOHN BULL readers, for we have forecast every stage in the fight between the "cheaper money" directors of the Bank of England and the Governor, Mr. Montagu Norman.

We predict now that the rate will soon fall to 2½ per cent., then to 2 per cent. Industry can bank on that.

At last

It is good news that the Home Office is likely to tighten up the regulations dealing with employment agencies.

But, as we have often said, action should have been taken long ago. There have been too many complaints of young women induced to come to London by such agencies and then left stranded and penniless.

Oil fireworks

The oil crisis we forecast last week is already beginning. Shares of the big combine, the Royal Dutch Shell Group, have slumped heavily and the Stock Exchange fears that the Group will be unable to pay a final dividend this year.

And, despite contrary reports, Russia is increasing its oil output—as we said it would.

Why pay rates?

The happiest village in Britain should be Diseworth, Leicestershire.

The chairman of its parish council declares that the inhabitants have never been called upon to pay rates.

We hope readers won't all rush there at once.

Pluck and promptness

The courage of fourteen-years-old Horace Bowen, of Skewen, Glamorgan, deserves public recognition.

While playing, a youth had his clothes saturated with petrol and caught fire. Young Bowen immediately tore off his coat and wrapped it round the youth, whose life he undoubtedly saved.

A judge we like

Welsh landlords will fight shy of Tredegar County Court when Judge Thomas is sitting there.

The owner of four houses claimed possession as the tenants were greatly in arrears with rent. Knowing the terrible poverty of the district, the judge refused to evict the tenants but ordered two of them to pay sixpence, and the other two a shilling a week, off the debts.

So they have 113 years between them to wipe off the arrears!

We want to know

If imported birds which have no permit to enter the country have to be destroyed, it should be done mercifully.

But at Dover the birds were drowned, and in one case the cage was insufficiently weighted, so that the bird had to be drawn up half-drowned and more weight added.

The R.S.P.C.A. has now provided Dover with a lethal chamber. What is being done at other ports?

Hitting the disabled

We are amazed at Glasgow Corporation's mean decision to exclude disabled ex-Service men from police telephone exchanges.

Disabled men work the fire-brigade exchanges in Glasgow and Edinburgh—and who can say they have failed in their duty?

Think again, Glasgow!

Pompous

Nobody will applaud the snobbish refusal of Leamington Town Council to grant the use of the famous Pump Room Gardens for an Old English Fair on Whit-Monday.

The excuse is that last year's Fair was a disgrace to the town. But a handsome profit went to the local hospital, which is badly in need of funds.

Rogues in uniform

We have no sympathy with the six men who, wearing uniforms of the British Army and representing themselves as ex-Service men, were charged at Aldershot with begging.

The uniforms had been bought second-hand, and three of the men had never seen war service.

The magistrate, himself a soldier, described the case as "a great disgrace." We agree, and are rather surprised that the men were fined only thirty shillings.

Jail these ghouls!

A bag containing £64 is said to have disappeared from the pocket of William Nye, a North-West London man found dying in a basement as the result of a fall.

His is not an isolated case. No efforts should be spared to trace the inhuman rogues responsible for the many thefts from dying people frequently reported in London and other big cities.

Whitehall's Weary Willies

Six months ago a Necton, Norfolk, reader applied for a widow's pension. She is still waiting.

Officialdom pleads that the case "presents special difficulties," and "the necessary investigation is being carried through as rapidly as possible."

Rapidly! We invite the Minister of Health to enquire into the dilatory methods of his Department.

Let's admire them

Justice is tempered with kindness by Leigh, Lancs, magistrates.

When a miner was ordered to pay 15s. costs for stealing coal worth fourpence, he pleaded that his wife was ill, he had four young children and there was no coal in the house. The magistrates paid the costs themselves.

Keep your money

Film aspirants are invited to pay £4 4s. for a month's tuition by the Lennep Organisation of Worcester Street, London, S.W., which states that "crowd work in films is paid for from £1 a day."

It does not say that this profession is terribly overcrowded and that amateurs stand no chance of regular employment.

Out of court

We welcome the committee formed in West Wickham, Kent, by the Rector, a Nonconformist minister and a solicitor, to help young couples solve their domestic difficulties.

Providing it tackles the job with sympathy and common-sense, it should be a real boon. We give it our blessing.

Incorrigible

The name of F. E. Williams is familiar to our readers, for we have often exposed this fee-snatcher, who is an undischarged bankrupt and has been denounced by a judge as an unmitigated scoundrel.

We recently referred to his venture, the Star Insurance Agency, of Fleet Street, London. Apparently this publicity was too much for him, for he is now running Lloyds Insurance Agency from an accommodation address in Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Unwanted mercy

The type of leniency we dislike was shown by Mansfield, Notts, magistrates, when they reprimanded a man and woman for buying bicycles for a shilling each from a boy who admitted stealing them.

Such cases are increasing and will continue to do so until the offenders are sent to prison.

A strange course

Musicians can learn piano tuning by correspondence in their spare time and earn £10 a week, claims St. Paul's School of Musical Acoustics, which occupies an accommodation address in Fleet Street, London.

But the Pianoforte Tuners' Association points out that piano tuning cannot be taught by correspondence and the full course takes three years. Besides, the music industry is suffering badly from depression.

Why Wives *Dread* Babies

"Let us have safe, healthy and happy motherhood"

by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin

THERE are indications that an increasing interest is being taken both by the medical profession and the people of the country as a whole in the important question of the relief of suffering in childbirth.

One such sign is a recent meeting at which several members of the medical profession favoured the wider use of anæsthetics.

I was particularly interested in the remark of one speaker that it is "the fatalistic attitude of the public" which is really to blame for the little use made of anæsthesia for mothers.

It recalled to my mind what a well-known doctor once said to me: "We are to blame. Why don't you attack us."

I replied that I did not want to attack anyone. I just wanted to defend my own womenkind from unnecessary suffering, I said, and I felt sure that if the public were educated as to the facts, so much unrelieved anguish as there is at present would not be allowed.

It is nearly thirty years ago since I, as a young married woman, first began talking about the need of anæsthetics for mothers.

I am not a medical woman, and I have never professed to speak as an expert. But I can speak from experience. And I know that such suffering as many mothers are called on to endure should belong to the bygone ages.

Must she suffer?

THROUGHOUT the long period in which I have interested myself in this subject, it has been the greatest joy to me to see how, one by one, the old arguments against the administration of anæsthetics in the so-called "normal cases" have been disappearing.

Until quite recently, it was looked upon as a matter of course that a mother should bring her child into the world with pain and suffering. And it is still necessary to beg for help so as to obtain for the poor mother the alleviation of suffering which is always available for women of means.

But I believe that few to-day would venture to put forward the old argument that "unless a mother suffered in bringing forth her child, she could not love it."

Surely she bears enough during the pre-natal period to disprove this?

Nor do we hear so much talk to-day about "Nature's way." And quite rightly, for nobody will convince me that the advent of life into the world was meant to be accompanied by unnecessary fear and pain.

This question of fear brings me to what I believe to be one of the chief arguments in favour of giving every mother who wishes for it a suitable anæsthetic, provided, of course, that there is no valid reason why she cannot take one.

We all realise the disastrous effects of physical suffering upon the mental and nervous system, but I wonder how many of us stop to think of the shock to a woman's nerves that may result from a difficult and prolonged labour—and to what a great extent that shock can be lessened by the giving of an anæsthetic, or, in some cases, even a sedative?

Born in fear . . .

NOT long ago I read the authoritative medical view that there was evidence that the skilled use of anæsthesia actually promotes normal labour and leaves the mother better able to face another such occasion with courage.

Then, again, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that a woman's anticipation of unrelieved suffering may also affect the child itself.

Is it not possible that some of the nervous affections in our children—affections that nowadays are receiving so much attention from the medical profession—may have their origin in these pre-natal fears of their mothers?

Happily, as times change, so do we change with them. The medical profession now acknowledges that childbirth in these days is a far more difficult proposition than it was in the times of our mothers and grandmothers.

It is now two years since the long and deep interest I have had in this subject led me to launch my appeal for funds to enable maternity hospitals to provide our poorer mothers with anæsthetics.

It is a privilege to feel that the generous response has helped several leading hospitals to afford the staff and material to alleviate much suffering.

But prejudice dies hard, and there is still much to be done in propaganda work throughout the country, both in this important question of anæsthetics and in the still greater problem of general maternal welfare.

My anæsthetics appeal is only one branch of the work we are trying to do through the National Birthday Trust Fund, set up to improve maternity services. It is hoped to raise two million pounds in donations sent on birthdays to help the birthdays of others.

We have got to tell the people of the country, and particularly the women, about the need of improving our maternity services.

We have to face the fact that between three and four thousand women in England and Wales alone die every year from childbirth or causes associated with it—*nearly one every two hours of the night and day!*

Lives thrown away

WE must realise that from 38 to 50 per cent. of the cases in the wards of our women's hospitals at any moment are suffering from illnesses due to bearing children.

And so much of it can be avoided.

In the summer of 1930 a Departmental Committee reported that "of the cases under our notice, no less than one-half were preventable."

What a terrific indictment to have laid at our door! What it would mean if we could only save half these lives, half this suffering — the half that is known to be preventable!

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin

So often a mother is not considered in this life. I am sometimes inclined to think she is just taken as a matter of course. There are no such things as trade unions for her.

Surely it is time something were done to rouse the country to its responsibility on her behalf!

Our infant mortality is declining. That is a great fact. We are doing fine work in infant welfare—but the tendency has been for the mother to be overlooked.

Why not start at what is really the very beginning of our building, and ensure that every mother has pre-natal care and as easy a labour as it is possible to give her? Why not build the foundations first?

Then let us build up strongly on that. Follow it up with far greater facilities for her after-care.

It is only in this way, I believe, that we shall succeed in achieving safe, healthy and happy motherhood, the real basis for healthy, intelligent and useful citizenship.

When the Divorce Judge speaks—

CUSTODY of th

Tearfully she pleads for the child who is her all, but . . .

THE real "innocent parties" behind matrimonial crashes are not the deserted wives or wronged husbands who get some strange satisfaction out of the use of such a description.

They are the children who must blush guiltily and stammer pathetic little lies every time a school-fellow asks them with childish innocence why they never speak of "daddy" or "mummy."

Primed at home with the stories they must tell when awkward questions are asked, ever ready with the fiction that they "played with daddy" last night, or that mother helped them with their homework, or that their parents are going to take them to the seaside for a holiday—they are the real victims of the quarrels which they do not even understand.

It is estimated that there are between four and five hundred thousand children in this country who are the innocent sufferers from the hopeless marriages of their parents, and who are doomed to the difficult life of evolving tricks and subterfuges in little brains that do not find guile easy.

Divorce victims

Many of them are the victims of divorces, and five thousand divorce cases a year are ever adding to their numbers.

Ten times more have been coldly disposed of for life by the hard, judicial phrases of magistrates who have granted their parents legal separations.

In both cases the Law has usually given the entire custody of the child or children to the man or woman whom it deems to be the innocent party.

But by far the greatest number of innocent sufferers are the shared children—condemned to spend half their time with one parent and the other half with the other by agreements reached over a solicitor's table by parties who, afraid of publicity or scandal, agree to separate without going to the courts.

There is the case of a little girl of eight of whom her mother has had sole custody since a divorce of twelve months ago. To-day a well-known specialist is looking down anxiously at her sick bed.

"I am sure it would make all the difference if she could see her daddy," he has told the mother. He knows the whole story of the shattered marriage. "She is grieving, and you can't expect a grieving child to get well."

The woman's eyes met his with a hard glint. And her answer was a direct refusal to give way.

"I don't believe it," was her defiant reply. "How can it do her any good to meet—*that* man. She knows exactly what kind of man he is because I have told her. It could only do harm to her health and her mind to meet his type."

Whatever the child has been trained to think of him, he is the man she meant when she cried "daddy" in a moment of fevered rambling.

But pride is pride to whoever the Law chooses to call the "innocent party." Too often it cannot live alongside tenderness and humanity. Too often it blinds a parent to the human needs of his or her own child, and kills the sympathy that should go out to the suffering of the other parent.

Sometimes a delicate child who needs every care that a loving parent can bestow is withheld by a callous mother or father, who is indifferent to its illness, from the one parent who will do the right thing.

Shared by both

A little boy of ten, a sufferer from insidious stomach trouble, is an example of this. He is shared between the mother who lives with her parents in the West End of London and a father who lives and works in Manchester. At the moment he is lying ill in London.

The father knows how much the flightiness of the mother has contributed to his illness. He knows she spends nights at dances and theatres when she should be at his side. He pays for specialist attention—but of what value is good advice when the mother does not follow it?

When the boy comes to him he is a thin, ailing, fretful child. As soon as he gets him into good condition again he must go back to the neglectful mother.

The final words

His reason demands that he should defy the mother and refuse to surrender the child. But she holds over his head something that makes that impossible—the words the solicitor used when the separation was drawn up.

"Of course, you will both understand," the solicitor said, "that this is a mutual agreement to share the child. If any dispute arises, you will have to seek a judicial separation, and that, without doubt, judging by the circumstances of the case, would result in the mother getting the sole custody of the child."

To lose his child altogether or spend six months of torture waiting for the opportunity to undo all the harm that is being done him—that is the dreadful choice this man has to make. And who can doubt that he is doing the right thing?

Send him to sea

There are thousands of men and women who can wield this weapon of judicial separation. And how maliciously they often use it.

"This private agreement to separate gives you twice as much allowance as you would get in the courts," a husband told his wife. "The condition is that he goes to sea and learns to rough it as I did."

She had intended that he should go to a grammar school and thence into a profession, for, unlike his father at that age, he is a delicate boy.

But there is the condition—and she must take it or leave it. The alternative was a public washing of soiled linen and an allowance that would make things difficult for her and the other children.

No glamour

And so the boy was sold into what some would look on as adventure, but what he will always regard as the bondage of the sea.

"I intend to hold on to the boy this summer," one man has written to his wife. "Don't talk to me about legal agreements. If there is any nonsense from you we will have a proper separation in the courts, and we'll see how your relatives and friends . . ."

Her boy cries for her—she has heard that in little notes she gets from her husband's housekeeper.

He carries her photograph to bed with him, a crumpled little seaside snap that he has concealed away from his father, hiding it away under his pillow

(Continued on page 9)

The Way Up

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY years ago, when on a visit to America, I went with some friends to a beauty-spot in Colorado. Passing through a defile in the district called the Garden of the Gods, we came upon what looked like a herd of antelopes feeding. Whether they really were antelopes I do not know, for we did not get near enough to see.

As we approached them they began to trot away from us towards the farther end of the glade, but before they reached it a horseman entered from the opposite side. For a moment it seemed as though the agile little creatures were caught between two parties and could neither advance nor retreat.

But were they? Not a bit of it. They promptly leaped up the side of the cliff, where to all appearances there was neither path nor foothold, and disappeared among the rocks far above our heads.

I have seldom seen a prettier sight than the swift and graceful movements of those denizens of the wild as they sprang from crag to crag, making hardly a sound as they went. Scarcely five minutes elapsed from our first spotting them till they were lost to view on the heights.

Here is a lesson for us human beings living in a dangerous and troubled world. Such small creatures as I saw in Colorado on the occasion described are among the most defenceless animals in existence.

They are not equipped for fighting, and they have many enemies. But they have pluck and resource, and instead of cowering and losing their heads when in a tight place, they make for the highest point within their range and thus escape pursuit.

When there is no way out of an ugly situation there is always a way up. Take the highest ground in any time of trouble, and more often than not you will find that it is the safest, too. There is reason in what Shakespeare makes Julius Cæsar say:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

There are many things more to be feared than death—in fact, my experience of seeing people die is that very few are afraid of it when their time comes. It is the evils of life that terrify, not the ending of them.

Harder to bear than death is the sight of a loved one going insane, and this very week this is what has happened to a man I know and respect. His wife adores him, and one might expect to find her prostrate with grief and unable to think or plan for their joint future.

But she is not that kind. We who know her are full of admiration for her clear-eyed courage and strength of will. Instead of lying down under her sorrow, she takes the highest ground in regard to her duty and his need. Opportunities always come to a spirit like that.

Contrast it with that of the man who always takes the lowest ground when things go ill. I know his sort well. It is one of the biggest nuisances we have to contend with—the grumbler, the shirker, the chicken-hearted, the selfish, the man who never does his best, who cannot be trusted with responsibility, and whose presence at a crisis is always a discouragement to others.

Take the highest ground when things are at their worst. It is your only real refuge, come what may.

the CHILD . . .

Then the Real Tragedy of the Broken Marriage Starts

. . . *The law is deaf to her entreaty* . . .

before seeking such troubled sleep as no child was expected to know.

What can his mother do but suffer with him? To seek a remedy would be to lose him altogether.

A woman can wield the club just as brutally.

One couple had agreed that the man should have the child during the Easter holidays and the woman for Whitsuntide. When Easter came the father was curtly informed by the mother: "You needn't think you are going to get him. He is coming with me."

Oh, the plans he had made for such a seaside holiday as the boy had never known before. The things they were going to talk about. The people they were going to meet. And then—the blow.

There was Whitsuntide to come, of course. But what the wife did at Easter she could do again at Whitsuntide. The agreement gave her the last word. Even if she refused to allow him ever to take the boy on holiday again, there was nothing he could do.

What so often increases the torture is the fact that a child's mind can be so easily poisoned against the absent parent. By reason of that, a legal judgment depriving a parent of his or her child can be one of the most terrible sentences of which British law is capable.

Separation often gives a feeling of isolation. And isolation breeds a spirit of revenge. And what easier way of getting revenge than by poisoning a child's mind and withholding him or her for as long as possible?

"I want to go home to mother," a bored boy told his father as soon as his stay with him began. "You are working all day, you never go to interesting places, or meet nice people. I'm sorry, dad, but I'd rather be with mother."

In that minute every hope the father held that his son would grow up like him into a fine, hard-working, ambitious man died within him. His mother had taught the son that he could not be happy with his father, and the boy thought he had found out the truth of it by experience.

The father told the lad the truth — that it was only because he kept his nose at the grindstone that the boy and his mother had been able to spend all their time together abroad in the sunshine, seeing interesting places and meeting interesting people.

But a seed once sown goes on growing. The bond of sympathy between father and son had gone for ever. When the parting came between them there were no tears and few real regrets.

Manliness gone

One woman has sent her son to a girls' preparatory school, where he is the only male pupil. When he goes to his father, once a well-known amateur boxer and cricketer, he is dressed in almost girlish materials.

He was a fine boy once. And now all the early touches of manliness are being driven out of him. He talks of the "roughness" of other boys.

Friends who see that father struggling to interest his boy in swimming, cricket, football and other outdoor pursuits say that the wife from whom he is separated is inflicting on his giant frame a punishment greater than he can bear.

In the same way husbands break the hearts of their absent wives.

Perky, vivacious, highly feminine was the little girl a woman sent to her husband. Stolid, old-fashioned, too-wise-for-her-age was the child she got back.

What changes had been wrought by altering the style of hairdressing, changing pretty modern frocks for plain, hard-wearing clothes, and laughing the child out of the few relics of baby language still left!

These changes may seem to be things that do not hurt the children. But they do.

Inciting deceit

The need of having to adapt itself to the habits and opinions first of one parent and then of the other—of having, as it were, to draw a curtain on each six months of its life as soon as it is completed—is one of the tragedies of the shared child.

But worst of all is the life of pretence that many of these children lead in their natural desire to persuade their school-fellows that they have "daddies" and "mummies" like them.

"My daddy is an engineer in Athens," a little Londoner untruthfully tells his playmates, explaining why his father is not at the school sports.

"My mummy lives in Cheltenham for her health, and I go to stay with her for months," says a little girl. Certainly her mother lives in Cheltenham—but not for her health.

"My daddy travels most of the year, so I don't see him often," pretends a little girl of seven. The only travelling he does is between his suburban house and his office in the City.

The first lesson that little girl ever had was how to tell that lie. She was taught it by her mother, in the few weeks before she started school. It rolls off her tongue glibly now. Yet in all other respects she is expected to be truthful—and is.

How many there must be who, having been carefully trained to deceive, set off on careers of lying.

In yet another way is serious harm done.

Thoroughly spoiled

With both father and mother seeking to create a better impression than the other, the child often finishes up so thoroughly spoiled as to be almost unbearable to both.

No wonder hundreds of thousands of couples make the most of unhappy marriages so that their children should not suffer. And in doing so many of them find happiness again—happiness built on their mutual sacrifice for their children.

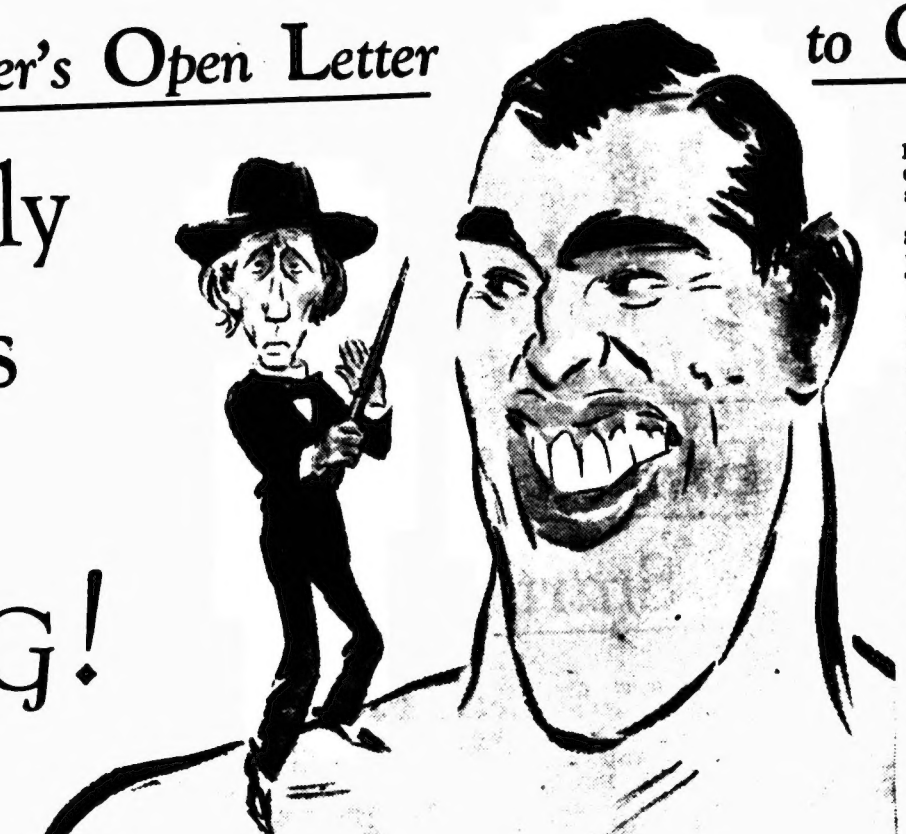
The tragedy of the lost and shared children is eloquent testimony of the wisdom of such parents.

For whatever a husband or wife suffers when marriage crashes, it is as nothing compared with what their children are called upon to bear.

. . . *Custody is given to the "innocent party" — whatever the child, the real victim of this marriage tragedy, may feel*

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to CARNERA

Your Only CRIME is Being So BIG!



MY DEAR PRIMO,—I hope you remember me, although it is only casually that we met. You meet so many people — for one round— that when a man who had fought you at Minnesota recently claimed your acquaintance, in New York, you apologised for forgetting him and explained, "I only saw you for a minute."

Your weekly round, your common task, seems to furnish all you need to ask.

I engaged you once, if you remember, as my bodyguard, when an actress slapped my face. That would scare even Sophie Tucker Since then, many boxers have been slapping your face, when they could reach it. But they have done little else.

* * *

Only one has beaten you, and he, I don't suppose, would do it twice.

I do not know whether to envy you, or look upon you with pity. You are the first potential world champion I remember, except Dempsey. He was terribly attacked for not joining the Army by other people who did not do it either—and his ring career has been a strange mixture of triumph and unpopularity.

Lord Lonsdale thinks people ought not to fight you. On the other hand, Harry Preston takes gossip-writers along to look.

Your fights have been stopped in some American States, poorly attended in others, and the cause of great enthusiasm in other parts.

I have seen you fight twice, and on both occasions it was merely silly.

George Cook, who was old enough to know better, went into the ring and was battered about for four rounds while his wife sat by the ringside and then patiently followed her poor bruised husband away. He had earned the grocery bill that week, and that was that.

Then, when you went in the ring with Donald McCorkindale, it went for the whole ten rounds. Why, I do not know, because, if you had landed him one of your full-blooded blows it would have finished it.

But you floundered about, and missed, and apologised, and missed, and laughed, and missed, and it was ridiculous to think that people should put on evening dress and go all the way to the Albert Hall to see such a stupid show.

You are a famous boxer because of your size, and, because of your size people sneer at you.

I have heard you booed in the ring, for no reason that I could see except that you were big.

Now, I have known Jim Corbett, and Jack Johnson, and Jack Dempsey, and Gene Tunney; seen Jack Johnson mobbed with his most expensive motor-car and more expensive white wife; heard Corbett, in Los Angeles, pitifully regret how he used to fight half the day in the sun for a few thousand dollars, whereas, nowadays, boxers earn vast sums for nothing; seen Dempsey mix with millionaires in the Strand, and met Tunney surrounded by celebrities like the Marquis of Clydesdale and Hugh Walpole.

I have seen Georges Carpentier, too, cheered by thousands who had paid him as many pounds as they gave him cheers.

They were all idols. You are not an idol. You seem to be a great big "pug," whom James Douglas attacks and Lord Lonsdale won't look at. Yet your only crime, so far as I can tell, is that you are so big that nobody can hurt you.

I wonder if they laughed at Goliath. Samson, certainly, was not booed, even when he pulled down the pillars of the Temple.

Is it a crime to be big? It seems to be glorious to have a mighty right fist, or a chest as broad as a battleship, or a punch like an ox. Why is it a crime to be big and strong and powerful?

Believe me, I am all on your side. I have seen you patiently smile when a large audience seemed to be on the other side, cheering the other fellow, in fact, merely because he was not so big as you were.

One day, I expect, you will be heavy-weight champion of the world, a champion because of your heavy weight. Why can't the weight of a heavy-weight champion be heavy?

I admire your calm indifference, the niceness of your look when people talk to you, the gentle way in which you eat, just as though you did not want to hurt the sheep.

* * *

I cannot side with all those people who pay large sums of money hoping to see you beaten, and who then get angry, just because God made the other man smaller.

I admire all people who can earn £500 or so in a night for not being knocked down.

They say you pull your punches. Well, if you didn't, somebody might get killed. Is that what they pay to see?

They say that you hit with the open glove. Well, after having seen your hand, and having shaken it, I prefer it open to shut.

The idea that knocking somebody else about in the ring makes for culture, or intelligence, or manhood, or does anything but qualify for a cauliflower ear or a broken nose, has been exploded long ago.

Few boxers fought in the war. They taught the other fellows.

In the war, ordinary City clerks endured much more pain than you will ever feel, for a bob or two a day, and then, when they lost their legs, or their arms, or their eyes, nobody pitied them.

Still, I pity you, for all that. I pity all overpaid people.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Your tribute to the work of the London Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment was richly deserved, for a responsible organisation which guides youngsters in the early years of their working lives is worthy of all the praise showered upon it.

The pity is that there are some young people who have not had the good fortune to be aided by such organisations.

Lewis Hanson, a man of thirty who has never had a job, whose case was referred to in a recent issue of JOHN BULL, is a poignant reminder of those who have missed the guiding hand.

JOHN BULL.

LORD TRENCHARD: Why disband Metropolitan Police Minstrels? They are a fine troupe, and raise thousands of pounds annually for Police Orphanage. —JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Transport House, London, S.W.

DEAR GREENWOOD,—I am glad Wakefield has returned you to Parliament, for there is much work for you to do.

I remember your earnest efforts, as Minister of Health in the late Government, to sweep away the slums, reduce infant and maternal mortality and, in short, to improve public health.

The present Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young, will now have a stern but, I am sure, a just critic. I am equally sure that members of all parties will be glad to see you back.

JOHN BULL.

Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES:—Firm of which you are chairman is stopping labour-saving machines to avoid discharging employees. This is an example that should be widely followed while unemployment remains grave.—JOHN BULL.

Sir C. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY,
Maldon, Essex

DEAR SIR CLAUDE,—You recently celebrated your eighty-fifth birthday, yet you are still as fit as they make 'em.

Your birthday was celebrated by various forms of exercises—ball punching, sculling on an exerciser, walking and, to wind up, a party with friends in the evening.

Your type is representative of the Briton at his best; your career as boxer, hunter, traveller and balloonist is one I envy. I hope to be writing you a congratulatory letter ten years hence.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. SIDNEY READING,
Finsbury, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—Acquitted of a charge of stealing a bicycle, you determined to clear up the doubt by finding the real thief yourself.

Three weeks later you tracked the man from whom you had bought the stolen machine and had him arrested. He has now gone to prison for three months.

You not only entirely cleared your name, but helped the cause of justice, and I am glad the magistrates allowed your expenses.

JOHN BULL.

Sir A. M. SAMUEL, M.P.,
Montagu Square, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with your suggestion that an inquiry should be held into the possibility of supervising the overseas investment of British money.

It is certainly time some step was taken to safeguard the investor and prevent the waste of British capital.

As you are a former Financial Secretary of the Treasury the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the City should take serious notice of your proposal.

JOHN BULL.

THE CONTROLLER,
London Telephone Service

DEAR SIR,—In reply to a request from several local authorities that the name of the nearest fire brigade should be posted in telephone kiosks, you say that beyond the five-mile radius from Oxford Circus operators are required, on receiving a fire call, to ask which fire station is required.

As a test in local knowledge—or merely to give the fire a chance?

JOHN BULL.

Miss EVA WITHERS,
Moss Side, Manchester

DEAR EVA,—As you have been awarded the "Golden Apple" prize offered for the most beautiful girl in the forthcoming Lancashire Cotton Pageant, I expect you are receiving many congratulations.

I prefer, however, to express the hope that your fame as a Beauty Queen will not interfere with your happiness—and usefulness—as a nineteen-year-old typist. Work is a better friend than Beauty.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES RODGERS,
Cudworth, Yorkshire

DEAR HERO,—Though driven back by flames on your first attempt to rescue an old lady whose clothes caught fire, you returned and managed to wrap a rug round her.

You put out the fire, but, unfortunately, failed to save the woman's life.

Such courage and determination, however, will not be forgotten by

JOHN BULL.

Fateful Sunday for the WORLD

The GOLD FIST— *Will* FRANCE OPEN *It?*

Their fathers' votes will not only help to decide M. Tardieu's fate, but that of the world

by

A. G. GARDINER

FRANCE goes to the polling booth on Sunday next. The first ballot is unlikely to be decisive, but it will show the direction of the wind. It will tell us whether France still blocks the way to world recovery or whether a new spirit is about to direct her policy.

The unequivocal victory of M. Tardieu would mean the one. The victory of M. Herriot and M. Blum may be reasonably expected to mean the other.

No more momentous election has taken place in history. It is as vital to us, to Europe and to the world, as it is to France herself. For the key to world reconstruction, if it can be said to be anywhere, is in Paris.

Whatever else the war achieved, it certainly made France the dominant Power in world diplomacy, and the world to-day is what French policy has made it.

Unchangeable

The source of the strength of that policy has been the constancy and singleness of its aim. Governments might come and governments might go, but the policy was unchanging.

It was directed to a single object. That object has been to keep Germany disarmed and in prison and to make France militarily and economically the dictator of the Continent.

Her success in the pursuit of this aim has been overwhelming. Not since the days of Napoleon has any Power exercised such an indisputable dominion over Europe as that which France wields to-day.

In one sense her might is greater than that of Napoleon. For she is not only militarily all-powerful; she is financially all-powerful. Her entirely nationalistic policy has diverted the gold of the world into her treasury until to-day she and the United States have practically a monopoly of the precious metal.

She has used this power undisguisedly to promote her political ends.

Disastrous policy

It was the action of France last summer in refusing a loan to Austria unless that country became a feudatory of France that started the avalanche that has shattered the financial structure of the world. It was her withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England in July that brought this country to the brink of disaster, upset our Government, drove us off the gold standard, and half the world with us.

It was the gold fist of France that M. Laval shook in the face of President Hoover himself to such purpose that he came back from Washington with the assurance that America would not interfere with the French programme in Europe.

Finally, at this moment the whole of the Danubian States are plunging into bankruptcy because France will not loosen her purse-strings except on conditions which exclude Germany and Italy from any part in their rehabilitation.

In short, France has fought ceaselessly and inflexibly for her own hand, and, judged by results, her policy, however disastrous to the world at large, has been brilliantly successful for herself—on a short-sighted view of things.

She has the armies, the guns and the money, too. She has kept Germany disarmed and caged, and brought her within peril of civil war. Hitlerism is not the creation of Germany. It is the creation of French policy in regard to Germany.

And although France has not yet roped Austria into her system, she has succeeded in preventing that country becoming an economic ally of Germany, which is its natural destiny.

But in spite of all this apparent success, I believe the French policy has been wrong, not only for the world, but for France, and that it is ultimately doomed to failure. It would be idle to appeal to the French people to change their policy because it is bad for others.

In these matters we are all selfish.

If our policy is more enlightened it is not because we are better than the French people, but because our world Empire and our world trade have given us a wider vision.

It may be that if our frontier marched side by side with those of Germany, we should have been as unreasonable and unwise as the French have been.

My appeal to the French people, therefore, is not based on the fact that they have been the chief architects of the ruin that overspreads the world. It is based on the fact that in the end world ruin involves their own ruin, that they are as much concerned in world recovery as anybody, and that there can be no such recovery until international relations are placed on a new and sounder footing.

There are only two courses before us. We can organise the world for War or we can organise it for Peace. We cannot organise it for both.

Unfortunately, for twelve years we have been trying to do that impossible thing. Through the League of Nations we have been attempting to rebuild the world which was shattered by the war on the basis of international solidarity. We have sought to substitute the arbitrament of law for the arbitrament of force with its equipment of poison gas, submarines and similar barbarisms.

But meanwhile the organisation for war has gone merrily on. And between this clash of motives we are, at the end of twelve years of "peace," reduced to almost universal bankruptcy and despair and threatened with an irredeemable collapse of civilisation. If another war comes, that collapse will be consummated.

And on the path we are travelling war will come. Its shadow hangs over the Far East and any day we may wake to the fact that Russia and Japan are at death grips. And in Europe we see the nations falling again into two camps.

The critical moment has come when the drift to disaster may be stayed. The fate of the world is in the balance, and in the next few weeks the issue will be decided for good or ill.

At Geneva the Disarmament Conference is still trying to discover a formula by which competitive armaments may be for ever abolished. In a few weeks' time the postponed Conference at Lausanne meets to try and find a way through the maze of war debts and reparations.

A new hope

If agreement is reached in these great matters hope will be born again in the world. A bold cut in armaments that would convince America that the money Europe owes her is not going to be squandered in preparing for another war would pave the way to a solution of the debts and reparation problem.

We could, on the terms indicated in Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery," get rid finally of the curse that has brought economic disaster to the world. With the removal of that curse, confidence would be restored, world trade would revive and the whole landscape would become brighter.

And nothing could do so much to achieve that happy result as a favourable issue of the French elections next Sunday. If they show, as I think they will, a swing of the pendulum towards a policy of appeasement, the effect both on Geneva and Lausanne will be decisive.

The swing to the Left may not be pronounced enough to displace M. Tardieu. But it should be strong enough to make M. Herriot and M. Blum a power in modifying French policy. And a change in French policy would change the current of the world.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. G. F. Rogers recommends

A *Pipe for the* Pip

IF you've never been guilty of writing
A book, or producing a play,
Or performing some exploit exciting
In sport or in politics, say,
Or cutting in public strange capers,
Or trying your talents at crime,
You won't get your name in the papers—
A triumph sublime!

Yet I have achieved, without trying,
A goal which the snob seeks in vain;
While fame-hunting sharks were outvying
Each other, I made a few plain
And simple remarks as a lover
Enamoured for years of his pipe—
Then blushed rosy-red to discover
My words were in type!

Not only am I not accustomed to seeing my name in the national newspapers, but when I read the report of my remarks I felt an embarrassment such as would afflict any modest Romeo who found his lover-like sentiments reproduced in the Press.

It was when I was presented with a case of pipes at West Wickham (Kent), where I am president of several sports clubs, that I offered smokers the advice: "Look after your pipe; it is your best friend."

I didn't know that the Press was going to report me, but I suppose it thought that my little speech might serve as an antidote to the gloom that afflicted taxpayers, smokers and beer-drinkers after reading the much longer speech made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

As I told my friends, I am a man of simple tastes. I have smoked pipes now for twenty years and have never lost one, and I maintain that a man who loses his pipe does not really love it.

What would a wife think of a husband who could not remember where he had left her?

Well, my pipes have never had cause to complain on this score. Yes, I'll admit that there is more than one—a real harem, in fact. But they live happily together, and if I make a favourite of one the rest, thank heaven, can't nag.

Thousands of other citizens, I am sure, feel much as I do, and if they are real pipe-fans they will share my disdain for the half-hearted lover who mislays his pipe—as if it mattered no more than a spinster's spectacles or an actress's black opals.

A pipe is a fellow's best friend;
It will help him for hours to forget
All the trouble and strife
Of a taxpayer's life
And the size of the National Debt.
While Darwin may say he's descended
from Jacko,
A man feels a god midst the fumes of
tobacco.

Though duns on the doorstep may camp,
And killjoys may howl from afar,
And apostles of gloom
Talk of imminent doom,
And "Dora" his peace try to mar,
A man will to Raleigh a song of praise
render
With pipe in his mouth and his feet on
the fender.

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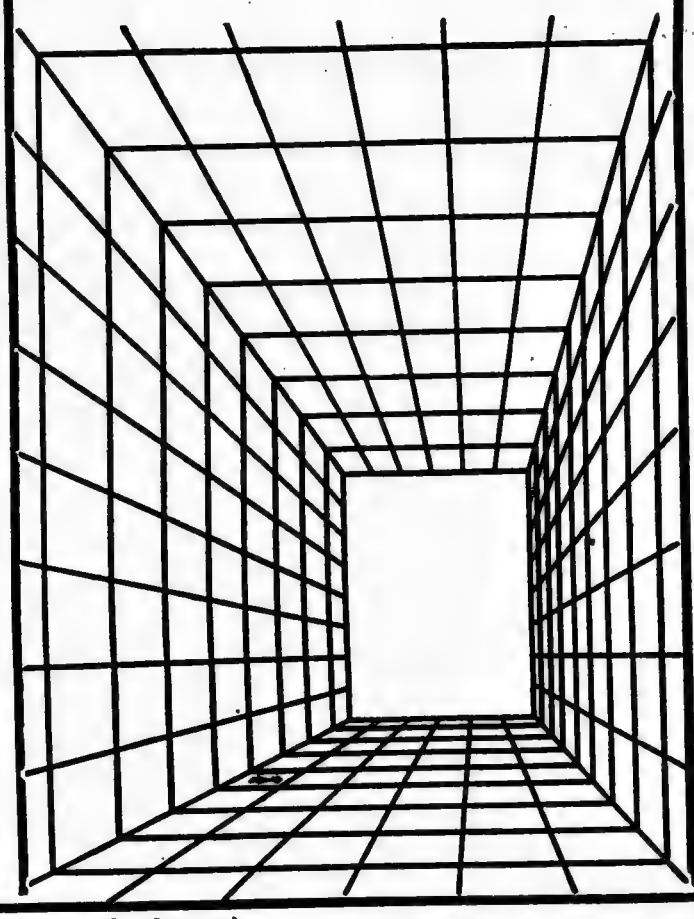
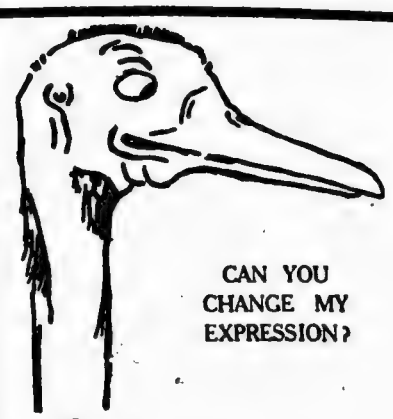
BUT

THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOUR INTELLIGENCE





CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

Jim Duck

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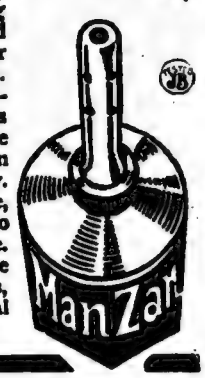
PILES

You can end the torture of irritating, painful piles this sure, quick way. Get a supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. Bleeding ceases, pain goes for good. Persevere with Man Zan and you will be cured.

Go to your chemist and ask for Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, the antiseptic, soothing remedy specially and solely prepared for those with pile trouble. Many who have suffered the agony of piles bless the day they were introduced to Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. Simple and clean to use, Man Zan gets right to the seat of the trouble. Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold in tubes, price 3/-, with special nozzle applicator.



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CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

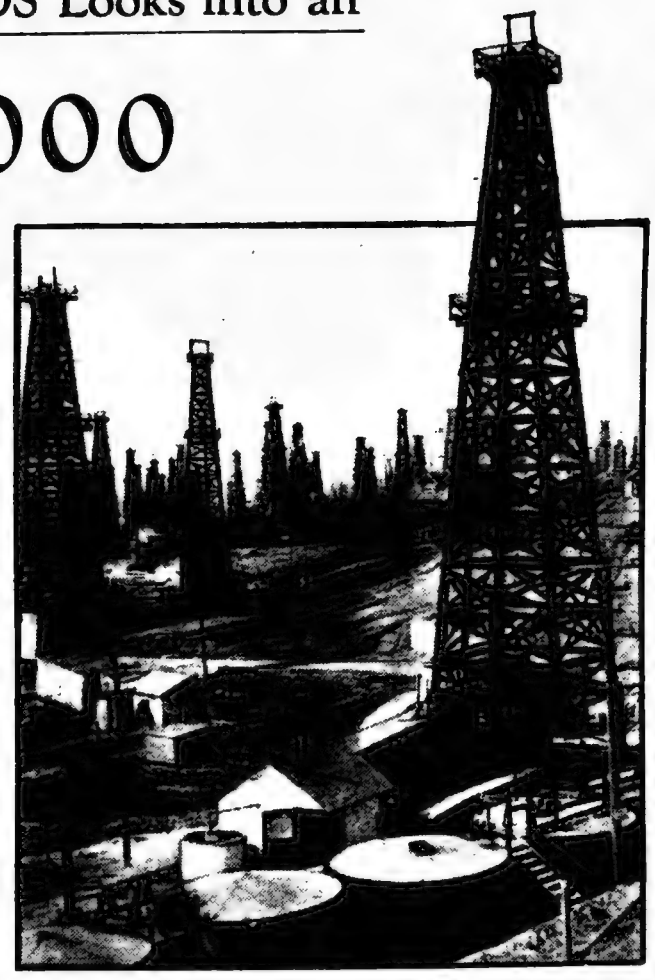
New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses.

In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS Looks into an

£800,000 Oilfields Collapse



If investors visualised flourishing oilfields like these they were doomed to disappointment

THIS week I wish to deal with an audacious attempt to attract investors who have already lost very heavily in a colossal oilfield venture.

I hope, by so doing, to strike an effective blow at what is fast becoming a favourite practice with certain people who pose as financial experts and advisers.

Generous—but quite unsolicited—invitations are even now being made to the public in printed circulars that have been distributed with more than usual care.

Those singled out for the privilege, I find, are all shareholders in a wretched—though once wealthy—concern known as the Venezuelan Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., the English headquarters of which are at Finsbury Pavement House, London, E.C.2.

But the circulars advertising this ridiculous scheme to which I refer emanate from quite another source.

They are being issued, in fact, from the office of a publication called *The Stockbroker*, of 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Cash wanted

After deploring the fact that disaster appears to have overtaken the Venezuelan venture, the Editor of *The Stockbroker* states that he has been urged to organise the shareholders for their protection.

It is his intention to brief "eminent counsel" to safeguard investors' interests—those investors, that is, who happen to be already on the paper's subscription list.

Those who are not in this happy position are assured that they can enjoy the same privileges by the simple expedient of forwarding half-a-guinea without delay!

As there are thousands of shareholders of the Venezuelan Consolidated Oilfields Company in this country it is clear that such a scheme might well attract a big following.

But by what right is the Editor of *The Stockbroker* assuming the grave responsibility of acting for these shareholders?

Personally I know of none.

Sorry story

And what is the status of his paper? While I shall have something to say about this later on, I may as well remark here that if it were the biggest and most influential publication of its kind, and if it numbered the greatest financial experts among its staff, it would have to perform a miraculous feat to help shareholders as suggested.

To understand the sorry and complicated story it is necessary to glance back to 1927 when the Venezuelan Consolidated Oilfields Company arose like a phœnix from another oilfields concern called the Trinidad Friendship Petroleum Company, Ltd.

When the latter name disappeared and the new venture came into being it was hoped that the change would work wonders. In any event, an appeal for a further quarter of a million pounds was broadcast.

Costly litigation

But the change from which so much was hoped did not seem to mend matters. Assets have since been disposed of, and no work has been done on certain of the alleged valuable concessions, supposedly rich in oil.

And, far from enjoying its various concessions, the company has been involved in litigation against opposing companies to prove its right to the "titles" of the land acquired at so much cost to the shareholders.

Why such contingencies were not foreseen in the first place I cannot for the life of me imagine.

Gradually the shareholders' money has sunk more deeply into the abyss.

The last balance-sheet of the company, issued nearly fifteen months after it was due, reached the public in August, 1931.

This belated document discloses, among other things, that while certain assets of the company have disappeared, no drilling of essential concessions had been reasonably productive.

There were very illuminating comments by the company's auditors to the disquieting effect that they could not accept the directors' valuation of certain assets which were shown there.

Since then all sorts of expedients have been adopted to raise further money in order to keep going.

In one case an arrangement was made to raise something like £300,000 to meet an emergency. Then the directors discovered that they had arranged it against their own articles of association. Thus it was illegal!

I am not surprised to learn that at the last general meeting of the company the directors had to face a volley of criticism.

Among other things, the chairman, Mr. John Lion, admitted that in order to raise a loan of £50,000 he and his colleagues had gone so far as to issue debentures that were secured on the whole of the company's assets.

Evil day

It was further evinced that, apart from the fact that all the capital had been expended, the company was heavily in debt.

Several comments were also made about other unfavourable transactions that had been entered into with subsequent loss of shareholders' money.

One shareholder, in fact, not only criticised the directors most severely, but urged that a committee of shareholders should be appointed to investigate the position and report to an adjourned meeting of the shareholders.

The directors won the day, however, and a committee was not appointed, though a solicitor asserted that the whole procedure adopted by the directors was out of order and illegal. But it only meant deferring the evil day.

The £800,000 company is now completely on the rocks.

So desperate is its plight, in fact, that it cannot even pay a Trinidad cocoa bean merchant a paltry sum of £220!

This creditor has had to take action in an endeavour to recover his just dues; yet the company, with its paid-up capital of £800,000, cannot meet its obligation, though the merchant has a judgment against it for his money and costs.

Now the cocoa bean merchant, backed by other unpaid creditors, has placed the facts before the High Court in London, demanding official intervention in the strange affairs of this concern.

A learned judge has now ordered its compulsory winding-up.

He described the position as very unsatisfactory, and drew attention to the remarkable fact that the assets of the concern included a block of shares in a subsidiary company, which had been acquired by a director but not paid for!

Obscure journal

I shall watch the future of this company with interest.

It would be possible to say much more, but I have related enough to enable my readers to gauge the colossal impudence of the Editor of *The Stockbroker* in pretending that he can safeguard the interests of disillusioned shareholders.

And what of *The Stockbroker?* Though it is styled by its owners a "monthly financial journal," there is no mention of it in the standard books of reference; and the Editor, while offering his services to save the situation for shareholders, modestly omits to sign his name!

These facts alone should prompt the public to shun this proposition—particularly when I point out that, once the affairs of a company are placed in the hands of the High Court, every shareholder's claim is bound to receive just, equitable and sympathetic consideration.

SAFETY FIRST Begins at HOME

"IT'S *fine to be home.*" Is there a more oft-repeated phrase in the English language than this, or one more sincere? Many millions of people repeat it every night.

You say it—and wonder sometimes what you would do if something happened to mar or destroy that home of yours.

What care and thought you have lavished upon it! What little sacrifices are represented in every nook and corner! How cold and cheerless the world would be without it!

Yet just think—a spark from the grate, a cigarette carelessly dropped, may set all your precious belongings ablaze. Storm, flood, sickness, burglary, accident may take their toll.

"It's fine to be home." It is. Have you therefore taken the precaution of safeguarding it against the risks that are covered in unparalleled manner by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance.

Do you realise that the most sensational improvements have recently been incorporated in the scheme? Take one instance—

OUR 10 PER CENT. BONUS.

Here is something absolutely unique in free insurance history. Every reader who at the time of receiving benefit has been registered for three months or more is entitled to it.

What a godsend it was to Mr. Thomas Liddell, a registered reader of Langley Moor, Durham, who received a cheque for £44, including a bonus of £4. Can you wonder that when it reached him in his fire-ravaged home his first action was to write to JOHN BULL:

". . . *Had it not been for your fr insurance, goodness knows how I shou have faced this adversity*"!

The insurance which JOHN BULL offers you, the only free newspaper insurance protecting you against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Burglary, is an immediate gift worth £2.

But JOHN BULL'S pledge to stand by you when trouble comes may be worth as much as £1,000 to you one day—so turn to page 34 without delay.

All of a SUDDEN...

"Avoid *immediately* any risk of dirt" DOCTORS SAY

No use buying a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly *after* the accident has happened. You want to protect against infection *immediately*. Wash the bruise or cut carefully, then protect at once from air and dirt.

"Vaseline" Jelly is so valuable because it is the purest of all lubricants. It forms a perfectly pure, protective layer over the injury, keeping it healthy and letting it heal as quickly as possible.

No home should be without its jar of "Vaseline" Jelly; there are so many other things it is splendid for as well as accidents. For chapped hands; for baby; for sore, red noses... Keep a jar handy! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● ***Splendid also for getting eye-lashes nice... lengthens them, helps them to curl***

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

6437

"....of course, you hear so many things recommended. Personally I find FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS suits me better than anything"

7½d per ¼ lb.

4 FOODS IN 1

This price does not apply to the Irish Free State

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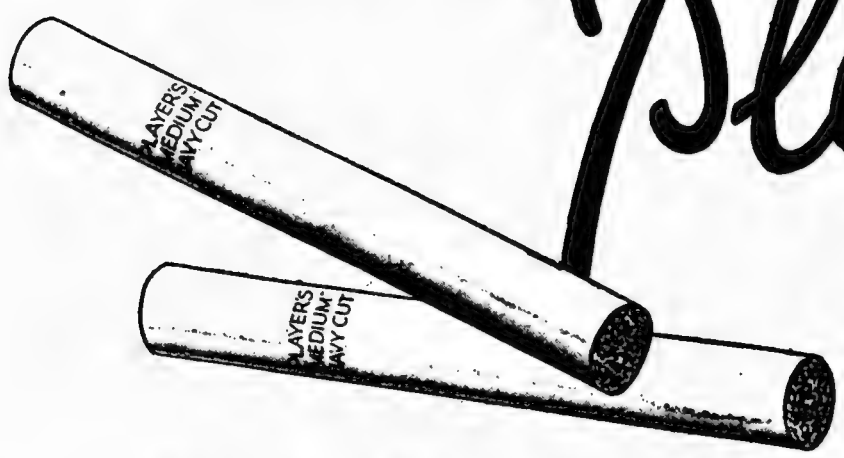
THE MILLIONS WHO SMOKE THEM MUST BE RIGHT

They say



Player's Please

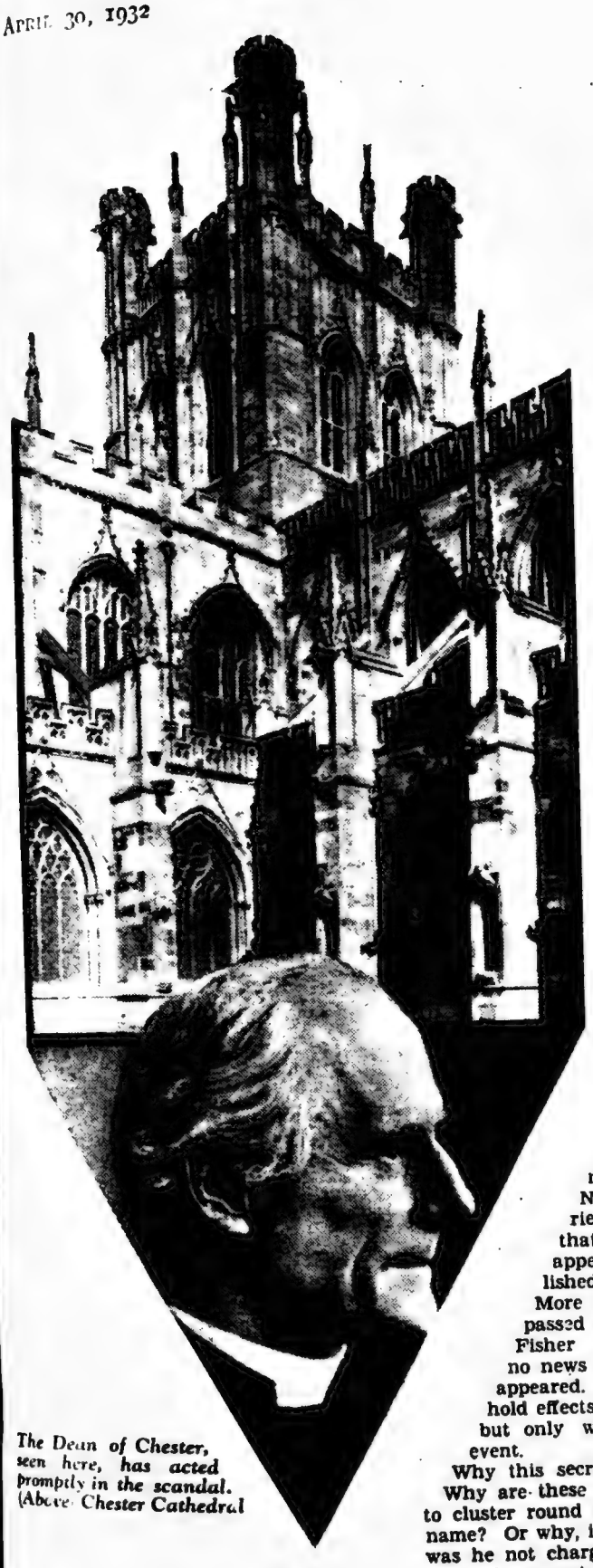
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

The Quality and Quantity Cigarette

NCC.104.R

GRAVE CATHEDRAL SCANDAL

WHY Has the CANON Vanished?



The Dean of Chester, seen here, has acted promptly in the scandal. (Above: Chester Cathedral

A HUSH-HUSH policy on the part of the cathedral authorities has converted Chester into a city of whispers.

"Why," asks the city, "has a Minor Canon of the cathedral suddenly disappeared?"

The cathedral authorities are silent and rumour supplies a dozen answers.

What are the facts behind these unsavoury stories?

The people only know that the Rev. W. S. Fisher, Minor Canon and Sacrist of Chester Cathedral, has suddenly vanished from the life of the city.

Chaplain to the Chester regimental depot at Chester Castle, secretary to the Chester Musical Festival, conductor of one of the local choral societies, chaplain to the Actors' Church Union, a gifted pianist and one of the teachers at the Cathedral Choir School, Minor Canon Fisher was one of the most prominent figures in the society of the cathedral city.

One day he was busily engaged in his multifarious duties; the next he had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. And no one, apparently, knew the why or the wherefore of his going.

When, at the beginning of the year, his engagement to a member of a well-known county family was announced, the local Press featured the news in a story paying tribute to his abilities and his work both at the cathedral and in the life of the community.

Not even a line in the local Press marked his going. No news of the hurried Chapter meeting that followed his disappearance was published.

More than a month has passed since Minor Canon Fisher vanished, and still no news of his departure has appeared. Last week his household effects were sold by auction, but only whispers told of the event.

Why this secrecy?

Why are these ugly rumours allowed to cluster round Minor Canon Fisher's name? Or why, if rumour speaks truly, was he not charged in the courts and given the opportunity either to confute his traducers or serve the sentence the law decrees?

It now transpires that certain changes in the discipline of the Cathedral School set afoot enquiries.

While these were still pending certain complaints came from the parents of pupils.

These hastened matters, and a confession by a former pupil brought the enquiries to a point where definite action was demanded.

Futile meeting

Hurried consultations followed by officials, aghast that the cathedral should be involved in a scandal, and it was finally decided that the Dean must be informed.

He summoned a Chapter meeting with all haste, but Minor Canon Fisher was not present. His absence, apparently, made the Chapter meeting abortive, and when attempts were made to find him it was discovered that he was gone.

The previous day, we can reveal, he had suddenly handed in his resignation to the Bishop. What reasons he gave for his action or what transpired when he met the Bishop is still veiled in secrecy.

All that is known for certain is that within twenty-four hours of his handing in his resignation to the Bishop, Minor Canon Fisher had vanished completely from the cathedral and the city in which he had been such a prominent figure.

His house in Abbey Square, part of the old-world beauty of the domestic buildings of this ancient cathedral that enshrines three hundred years of the builder's art, was deserted.

Furtive chatter

Now his effects have been scattered to the winds by the blows of the auctioneer's hammer.

If the cathedral authorities, by their policy of secrecy, have hoped to avoid a scandal, they have been sadly mistaken. They have not stilled the tongues of rumour nor dispelled the furtive whispering that now disturbs the cloistered peace.

The scandal of secrecy has only fostered these rumours.

So disquieting are the rumours that the people of Chester are asking why Canon Fisher has not been brought before the courts.

Why, they protest, should he escape the punishment the law metes out to other men?

Why was not a matter of such grave import brought to the notice of the police?

Is an official of the cathedral, guilty of shameful offences, immune against the ordinary laws of the country?

These questions will persist, and rumour is still busy in Chester. Already there are dark hints that yet another scandal lies very close to the cathedral.

Veil of silence

These hints, we have reason to believe, are not founded on fact, but that such hints will persist as long as the authorities hide behind this veil of silence is inevitable.

The whole question of the departure of Minor Canon Fisher from Chester Cathedral must be brought into the open. The truth, unpleasant though it undoubtedly is, must be told.

It is in the interests of the city and the cathedral that there should be the most thorough investigation into the matter.

The policy of secrecy has failed to suppress the knowledge that something disquieting has happened, and it is now evident it has merely fostered the belief that trouble is still present.

The whole facts must be made public.

Beautiful—but CROOKED

ONE of the most-wanted women in the country at the moment must be Mrs. Millicent Kennie, who is enjoying a prolonged motor tour and finding dupes in every town she visits.

Complaints have arisen in Huddersfield, Leeds, Walsall, Derby, Romford, Aldershot, Greenwich, Hendon and Wandsworth, but she has baffled the authorities for months.

She was in Worcester only the other day, and drove up to an hotel with a man who signed the register as "Mr. and Mrs. Kennie, of London."

They had a lot of luggage, and settled down as if for a long stay.

* * *

The man went out regularly every morning, and as he returned only for meals it was thought that he was engaged in business. Mrs. Kennie, on the other hand, seemed to be taking life very easily.

One day she went to the hotel manager's office and smilingly asked if he would do her a special favour by cashing a personal cheque for her, as her husband was out and the banks were closed.

She had seen a beautiful fur coat in a local shop, she declared, and would be terribly disappointed if she could not get it.

As she was a stranger in the district, she could not very well tender a cheque to the shopkeeper; but if the manager would oblige her . . .

The manager could and did, whereupon the charming Mrs. Kennie went off in a state of great excitement to "snap up" that wonderful coat.

That was the last seen of her; but she had not been gone long before various guests began to complain that valuables were missing from their rooms.

The cheque, now found to be worthless, is only one of many that have been passed in similar circumstances by this resourceful adventuress, whose husband never seems to take any very active part in her coups.

The couple left behind a lot of miscellaneous luggage, but most of it has since been identified as the unwanted proceeds of previous hauls.

At some of the towns that have lately been visited Mrs. Kennie has also defrauded local shopkeepers by placing orders for goods on hotel notepaper. Her accounts have invariably been met with worthless cheques.

* * *

At Leicester—to cite only one example—she acquired a handsome ring in this way, pretending that it was to be a "surprise" present for her husband. It was the jeweller who got the surprise!

We find that this same woman has also passed on occasion as Mrs. Millicent Smythe and Mrs. Dunstan; but her methods do not vary.

It is time her tour was ended.

£3.19.9, *Jack ...and it's a* Hercules

"Marvellous, Tom!

It seems unbelievable! Dunlop roadster tyres and Dunlop rims! Dunlop waterproof saddle and all bright parts chromium plated. Why, it's the best cycle within pounds of its price!"

All say this of the Hercules "Popular" Model. It is indeed the sweetest running cycle on the road—the best that money can buy.

Only by manufacture on a scale far larger than any other make in the world can Hercules produce such a fine cycle at such a reasonable price.

"POPULAR" MODEL
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LADIES' POPULAR "L" MODEL
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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR easy terms. Also get the illustrated catalogue from him and study the full range of models; or get it direct from THE HERCULES CYCLE AND MOTOR CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BRITANNIA WORKS, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Hercules

CHROMIUM PLATED BRITISH CYCLES

Young GIRL'S Shattered LIFE

WE have received a pathetic appeal from the mother of a girl whose life has been blighted by cruel officialdom, and who has been kept a virtual prisoner.

She is Mrs. Jeffrey, of St. Annes, Lewes, Sussex, and for years she has striven in vain to move the authorities to restore her loved one to her home.

That anyone could remain unmoved in the face of the pleas made in this grief-stricken mother's letters would seems incredible, except to those who know from experience how callous and unrelenting officialdom can be.

Six years ago, the daughter, Ella—then only twelve years old—was romping with her playmates in the street. Seeing a few coppers, which had been left on a step with a message for a tradesman, she thoughtlessly took them to buy sweets.

Four years!

She admittedly did wrong and deserved some punishment to make her realise this; but imagine this child's fright when she was arraigned in the local court, charged with the theft of three-halfpence!

Her father was suffering from a dread malady, and with no one to help her poor parents or to furnish legal advice which might have meant a different verdict, Ella was sentenced to a term of detention, which meant four years' incarceration in a Board of Control institution.

Colonel C. D. Crisp, an ex-Mayor of Lewes, signed the order for her committal. He certainly would not have done so could he have foreseen the misery and suffering this child would be called upon to endure, or visualised the plight in which she and her sorrowing mother are to-day?

Ella was sent from one institution to another—at Addlestone, Worcester and Croydon—and her letters home, normal and intelligent, and full of thought for others, reveal how wistfully she longed for the day when she would be free.

When the four dreary years had all but passed, and Ella, now nearly sixteen, thought the day of her release was within sight, the mother received a disquieting hint that she might not be coming home after all.

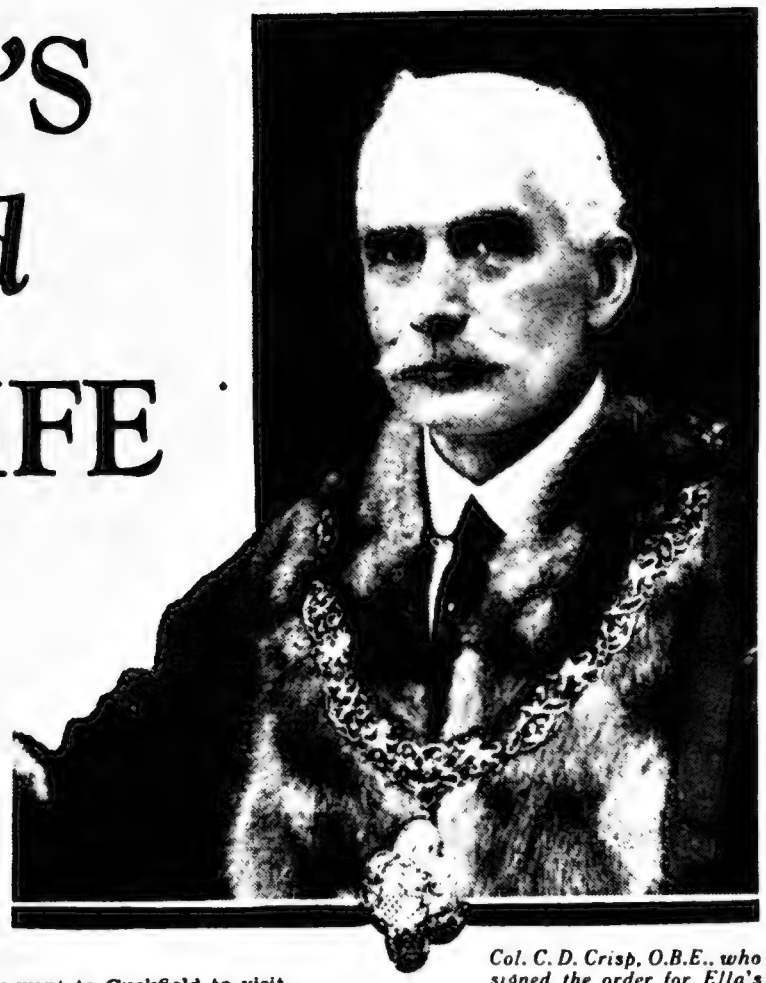
Although she had an excellent school record and had been entrusted in one institution with the responsibility of looking after younger children, the authorities now intimated that Ella was deemed to be mentally deficient!

So, instead of celebrating her sixteenth birthday among loved ones at home, she found she was to remain indefinitely in the clutches of officialdom and was transferred to an institution at Cuckfield.

Maid of all work

Imagine her distress at finding herself herded with genuine mental cases—women whose ages ranged from 22 to 36.

In these unhappy surroundings she was forced to carry out many distasteful menial tasks and was kept busy in the garden, had to do washing, mend clothes and even go out into a near-by forest to gather leaf-mould for the institution garden.



Col. C. D. Crisp, O.B.E., who signed the order for Ella's committal.

Mrs. Jeffrey went to Cuckfield to visit her daughter one day and found her weeping and in great distress.

When she told her pitiful story and begged the superintendent to release the girl she received the old answer—"Write to the Board of Lunacy Control"—that autocratic body whose name lies like a cold stone in the hearts of the legion of parents whose children have been torn from them in similar circumstances.

Two more years have dragged on since then and Ella is now eighteen.

If she cannot be given her freedom because she is "defective," the attitude latterly adopted by the authorities in dealing with her calls for considerable explanation.

They have boarded her out with a Shoreham family, in whose household she has assumed the responsibilities of servant and nursemaid. The fact that she is entrusted to do shopping and care for a baby is surely indisputable evidence of her sanity.

How many mothers, we wonder, would entrust their infant to an unbalanced girl?

Of course, Ella is perfectly normal. One of her recent letters home testifies to this

It certainly reveals her weariness of the shackles which have bound her so long, but it is intelligent and coherent, and closes with the plea:

"Do try and get me home, please. . . . I have no money for a stamp, so will you pay this for me?"

Her escape

The mother has tried every means in her distress to get this case looked into. Long ago, before the position was so acute, she sought our advice and we took the matter up with the Home Office, which declared that it was a case for the Ministry of Health.

We know that Mr. Arthur Greenwood, then Health Minister, personally called for the papers and was actually dealing with the case when the Labour Government went out of office.

So nothing was done officially, though the plight of the imprisoned girl grew steadily worse.

Thus the scandal has dragged on, and the Board of Trade has remained adamant.

Can it be wondered at that a few days ago, in sheer desperation, Ella decided to help herself to freedom and ran away?

But the authorities are bound to pursue her with their usual relentlessness, for it is a rare thing for any of their unhappy captives to escape.

This week Mr. Greenwood returned to the House a re-elected M.P.

He will now be foremost in the leadership of the Opposition, and one of his first actions should be to challenge the authorities upon this scandal.

Bogus SQUIRE'S Forty FRAUDS

A STRONG liking for champagne, boundless confidence, exceptional business acumen, an outward air of affluence and a great gift of eloquence are the chief characteristics of a remarkable man who has lately achieved prominence in and around Sittingbourne, Kent.

He arrived as "Mr. Edward Hardy, of Kensington, London," and quickly established himself as a kind of country squire.

When he came to Sittingbourne in great style, with a smart car and a retinue of servants, he let it become known that he intended to combine pleasure with business.

He established himself in a warehouse and instantly attracted notice by the manner in which he appeared to be spending money.

* * *

Almost daily he attended leading auction sales in the district, and he was often to be seen at country markets. He also kept in touch with London trade centres and exhibitions, and was known to be placing orders for large consignments of goods of all kinds.

The railway was presently called upon to handle a growing volume of business as cases and crates began to arrive in a steady stream, and on some days the scene at Mr. Edward Hardy's warehouse was one of extraordinary bustle.

Gradually it became clear that his operations were extending, for many of the deliveries by rail were from distant parts of the country.

It also became apparent that his interests were practically limitless. The latest makes of wireless sets; cases of cutlery; wringing machines; garden rollers; bedroom suites; builders' accessories and agricultural implements formed a few of the extraordinarily diverse consignments of goods which poured into his capacious warehouse.

* * *

It says much for Mr. Hardy's resource that at the time of ordering goods so lavishly from the provinces on the notepaper of his newly-formed business, the proceeds of his earlier personal visits to salerooms and markets were mostly unpaid for!

He was actually being hard pressed for settlement at a time when in his inimitable fashion he was striving to build up a widespread business connection in the provinces!

Soon solicitors' clerks and enquiry agents began to descend upon Sittingbourne at the instance of his countless creditors.

Scores of writs and summonses have been issued against this enterprising rogue, and at the present moment there are actually more than forty county court warrants out against him in the hands of bailiffs, acting on behalf of victims in different parts of the country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the situation recently grew too acute for him, Hardy decided to forsake the peace and quiet of country life and departed in search of still greater seclusion!

Though this exposure of his cleverly planned exploit at Sittingbourne should afford a valuable lesson to those traders who in these difficult times are often too trusting in doing business with strangers, there are other reasons why the widest publicity is called for.

And Hardy, we can here reveal, is no novice in this respect: he has been in the field before and has achieved many spectacular frauds.

In 1928, in his real name of James Ernest Pulford-Ireland, he was adjudicated bankrupt.

* * *

The fact that he is even to-day undischarged makes his subsequent frauds all the more scandalous.

Nor is that all.

Scotland Yard has even received complaints from people victimised in fresh frauds since Hardy vanished so suddenly from Sittingbourne!

£3,000 May be Yours

TO-DAY JOHN BULL breaks yet another record! Our Cross-word prize has soared to the staggering sum of £3,000. No bigger reward has ever been offered for filling up a puzzle square.

Within the last seven weeks, as many as five competitors have carried off our Cross-word prize intact. In Gateshead, Liscard, Forest Gate, Bridlington and Ynyshir there are readers who bless the day they turned their attention to JOHN BULL's amusing puzzle.

In no other contest to-day can you win so huge a sum for half an hour's consideration of a few absorbing clues. Turn to page 32, and get on the track of this prize—and you may get that £3,000 telegram on Friday, May 20.

WOMEN'S

Here is Wolverton Street, where the house is situated in which Mrs. Wallace was murdered. It was here that Mr. Wallace on his first tragic homecoming after the acquittal became aware that the poison-tongues were at work

CONTINUING the amazing story of his Ishmael-like life in the past year, Mr. William Wallace, who was sentenced to death twelve months ago for the murder of his wife, and afterwards set free by the Court of Criminal Appeal, here declares that women have been his bitterest enemies since his return to the world

I HAVE learned a lot about human nature in the year since the Court of Criminal Appeal restored to me my liberty.

They talk about "Nature, red in tooth and claw." Well, I have experienced *human* nature red in tooth and claw. And I wouldn't wish my worst enemy the experience.

Oh, yes, I have learned many things. One is that women can be utterly merciless and savage when they strike at the defenceless.

In the game of vilification the weakest player among the sex can give any man a long start and beat him hollow.

Deadliest enemies

Can it be true, I often wonder to myself during my lonely evenings, that the sympathy, charity and pity which we are taught are natural attributes to women are only a sham, a myth?

My own happy domestic life with my dear wife for eighteen years—did that mislead me as to the true nature of the sex?

And are other men similarly misled?

These are questions that force themselves on me as the result of the bitter lesson I have learned in the past twelvemonth—the lesson that women can become deadly enemies of a man, even though he has taken no part in their lives.

Compared with their ferocity, the words of the judge at Liverpool who sentenced me to death ring in my ears like compassion itself.

Some of these women were once on the friendliest terms with my wife and myself. But that has not prevented them from spreading hate and slander against me.

Indeed, the more friendly they used to be, the worse and more wicked has been the manner in which they have sought to pile up evil opinion against me.

The women struck at me without delay, immediately I returned to my old home in Richmond Park, Anfield, a free man, and, as I thought, with my character clear to the world.

Walking slowly, I approached the house where I had spent so many joyous years of perfect companionship till that fatal night when I returned to find my wife battered to death.

Travelling across my mind was a slow panorama of the terrible events that had happened in the five months since I last stepped across the threshold.

There was that shattering moment when I first realised the police suspected and were determined to seize me.

Then came, in turn, the knowledge that everywhere I went heavy men, whose figures proclaimed them policemen, were at my heels—the hours of fierce examination at the police station—my arrest—the cells.

Then, day after day of police court proceedings . . . the trial at the Assize Court . . . the death sentence . . . weeks in the condemned cell—a journey to London—the verdict of the Appeal Judges—liberty—sunshine—space—home!

I stood before the front door of the house. Suddenly I remember that the police tore out part of the interior in their search for evidence. Will the damage have been repaired? In any case, there will be sad days ahead removing blood-stains from the walls of the sitting-room, the pictures and the furniture. The place was covered with blood on that evil night. I shuddered to think of those stained walls.

My neighbours, as I have said before, were so kind and helpful in the days immediately following the tragedy that now I innocently relied on them to advise or assist me again. It was a sad, lonely home-coming for me, and to taste their sympathy once more would give me courage and confidence in the future.

The friend!

From the shadow beyond the street lamp three figures loomed up before me. Three ladies. They carried what seemed to be Bibles or Prayer-books. I remembered—it was the night of the mid-week service at the local church.

Two of them I did not recognise. But the third, the one speaking so vivaciously to her companions, surely it was Mrs. ——, whom both my wife and I had known.

They drew nearer. Yes, it was Mrs. ——! What a happy chance meeting!

No face could have been more welcome to me just then than hers. Now she is quite close to me. I smile with pleasure. I stop. I go to raise my hat.

But my hand is arrested. An icy chill nips my impulse and freezes my short-lived joy.

Mrs. —— stops speaking and stares at me. I walk to meet her. Ah, can a woman change so? Her features become hard and fixed. She looks right through me and then away from me. As though in the presence of some distasteful object from which she wishes to protect herself, she tightens her coat round her.

Then, with a hard, forward jerk of her shoulders, she passes on.

It has all occurred in a flash. My fingers are still at my hat brim. I hardly know what has happened. Her footsteps die away down the street. She never looks back. She, a friend! One of our closest friends.

Condemned

Dazed by the shock, I stumble inside my tragic, silent home. In the darkness I sit down at the kitchen table, bewildered, stunned. What does it mean? I am innocent, have been publicly proved innocent. Yet a friend passes me by!

God in heaven! Is it my destiny to become an Ishmael? . . .

"*And every man's hand shall be against him.* . . ."

The blood runs cold in my heart.

I can recall that in those stupefying moments I dragged myself to the room in which my wife was killed and stood in silent communion facing the portrait of her that hung on the wall.

From a cabinet I took out and fondled the lock of her hair which I had kept, her rings, a handful of her small personal belongings. Their touch restored my nerve at that critical time.

To-day I can seldom bring myself to look at them. They are associated too keenly with the agony of that evening when I first learned that I was an Ishmael.

POISON-TONGUES PURSUE ME

by

The Man they Did Not Hang—

WILLIAM H. WALLACE

I record it as a fact, not with any malevolence or bitterness, that in the twelve months since then some of the most vindictive of my traducers have been women whose church and religious activities bound them in friendship with my wife.

While Mrs. Wallace was a Churchwoman and had an abiding belief in a hereafter, I have for long been an avowed agnostic. Her friends who visited us were aware of this, but never once did I obtrude my personal convictions upon her or them. These friends, I supposed from the cordiality with which we always met, were tolerant people with respect for the sincerity of my views.

I have learned lately that very soon after my arrest and long before they had an opportunity to measure any evidence these women had condemned me. I was an agnostic, a non-churchgoer, and, in their sight, therefore, just the sort of person to be guilty of a crime.

What bigoted reasoning in this twentieth century! The fact that I had been acquitted by three great judges whose decision was unanimous and unhesitating meant nothing to those women.

The remainder of the time I dwelt in my old home was a period during which my nerves were to be racked as they never had been since the night when I discovered my wife lying lifeless in the sitting-room.

A walk through the streets of the neighbourhood became an Arctic adventure. Everywhere was ice and a devastating cold . . . cold faces belonging to cold hearts.

Sometimes I could barely refrain from crying out in bitter protest when I saw woman after woman scurry away at my approach. That was when they were alone.

But if two or more happened to be together at a doorstep they were bolder and more explicit in their attitude towards me. They would break off their conversation to stare at me, "that villain Wallace."

If they had shouted after me they couldn't have conveyed their sentiments more plainly. . . .

"Wallace, you may have escaped the gallows, but you are a villain and we don't want to know you."

"There is no woman, mistress or servant, in this house, and has not been since I came to it for asylum."

The smile

Remember, all these women only a short time before professed sincere friendship for my dear wife and myself. They had known me long enough to have appreciated that in all my words and deeds I was a straightforward and honourable man.

Why had they changed?

I began to search for the answer after experiencing, first, a sense of ungovernable rage and then floundering for a time in the impotency of dismay.

When the explanation came, it staggered me.

I was in a local grocer's shop making purchases for my solitary evening meal. There entered a white-haired old lady who for long had been on visiting terms at our home. I was bracing myself for another rebuff when instinct seemed to tell me that this woman, at least, was not hostile.

We exchanged glances and she smiled. When I looked her full in the face there came upon me a recollection of something my wife had once told me about this woman.

Terrible truth

It was that she had bravely lived her life in the face of dreadful accusations. Evil tongues had once wrongfully spoken against her moral character and she for long had been shunned by her sex.

It was from this fellow-sufferer that I received my first grain of human sympathy.

Timidly, she remarked that she was glad my trials were over.

Over! I could have laughed in bitter irony. My voice quivered as I tried to convey to her that they seemed only to be beginning.

Her fingers touched my coat-sleeve. "Mr. Wallace, I understand," she said, quietly.

I suggested that she could not possibly comprehend what I was enduring.

"Believe me, I do," she replied. "I know what they are saying."

"*You know!*"

I almost screamed the words.

"Tell me. Tell me what it is, for pity's sake!"

The old lady was taken aback by my vehemence.

Again I implored her. "Tell me. Do they still believe I killed my wife?"

Next moment she was telling me the terrible truth.

A stray incident at my trial had been seized upon by my former neighbours as the basis of a foul attack on my moral character.

My counsel had made the point that for two weeks detectives had dogged my footsteps everywhere, presumably in the hope that I would do something that could be used in evidence against myself.

"Another Rouse"

To this the prosecution replied with the subtle suggestion that the reason I had been so constantly shadowed was that the authorities feared for my personal safety amid a savagely-incensed public.

Now, this frail and white-haired old soul was telling me in a grocer's shop what the women in the district had made of that innuendo. They had interpreted it, she explained, as meaning that I must have been in peril from the vengeance of husbands or fathers of women or girls whose honour I had outraged!

I was not only "the man Wallace," but "another Rouse."

So now I knew the truth. This was the enemy I had to fight in the future. I had no three judges to clear me of this vile accusation. No one but myself—and how was I to begin? How can a man fight against dark rumour?

Still, I did try to trace the authors of these slanders.

Not until women had jeered at me, slammed doors in my face, or flatly denied my appeals for information did I realise the futility of my quest.

I am alone . . .

For twelve months I have been a special target for poisoned pens. These anonymous letter-writers may like to know that now I never read their communications but wrap them in bundles and pass them to my solicitor.

I am firmly convinced that the writers of some of the letters I did read ought to be confined in a mental institution.

Only a few days ago I learned that unknown tongues were spreading a new calumny against me. I am now supposed to have married again in secret and my second wife is alleged to be hidden in my new and lonely home in rural Cheshire.

No, there is no woman, mistress or servant, in this house, and has not been since I came to it for asylum.

Nor will there be.

Do you wonder after I have told you of my twelve months' experience of the evil women can do?

Next week:

"My Hermit Life"

"No fuss about Tonic *with us!*

"We take all the iron we need in luscious

SUN-MAID RAISINS!"

"We have plenty of SUN-MAIDS
Every day — *first*, because
We *like* them —
They're so PLUMP
And SWEET and JUICY!

* * *

"And we eat them, too,
Because they're JUST FULL
OF IRON — no need of a tonic.

* * *

"That's the EASIEST
And NICEST way of
Taking IRON we know!
Cheapest, too — no tonic to buy.

* * *

"A couple of handfuls a day
And plenty of SUN-MAIDS
In PUDDINGS and CAKES!"

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(GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.)

The Seven Deadly Sins of To-day—4.

MARGERY LAWRENCE,

novelist-critic of the younger generation,

INDICTS

SHAM SIN

THE flat was crammed and seething with people, and Charles Leighton, tall, bronzed and shy, felt the heat, the noise and clamour strike him, as he entered, like a gust of the hot desert he knew so well.

Vaguely he handed hat and coat to a maid, and stepping into the crowded room, backed into a corner and stared about him.

There were so many people crowded into the low-roofed room that at first his entrance was quite unnoticed.

His blue eyes wandered over the heads of the moving mob until they fastened hungrily upon a tall girl, slim as a reed in scarlet crêpe-de-chine, cut daringly low, her brilliantly fair hair curled and erect like a doll's in the latest theatrical style, a brimming cocktail-glass in her hand

The watching eyes clouded over with disappointment. *Was* that the little Nora of his dreams? His schoolgirl cousin? It was—it wasn't! It couldn't be . .; but even as the thought passed his mind the girl glanced his way and with a shriek of excitement launched herself through the crowd towards him.

* * *

"Charles, *darling* . . . my God, I thought you were never coming!"

Two slim arms, scented with *chypre*, were flung round his neck, a pair of scarlet lips, scented with a mixture of gin and vermouth, pressed to his cheek. . . . Then Nora Prynne, the thumping of her heart concealed under the extravagant *geste* most popular with her set, turned to the room, and with one arm still fast round her capture, shouted to the world at large:

"Folks! Meet the boy-friend, come home from the Great Wide Open Spaces to marry me!

"'Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee.
He'll come back to marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.'"

Charles Leighton opened his mouth and shut it. He flushed violently red as the room surged round him, laughing, exclaiming, flourishing glasses.

A smooth-faced youth in a terra-cotta silk Russian blouse and black velvet trousers came up, carrying a brimming glass of orange liquid.

Nora blinked up at him. Her eyelashes were weighted with black mascara, her mane of blonde hair stood out like an aureole. . . . She was seductive, alluring, but instinctively Charles Leighton shuddered.

Where was Nora—the Nora he had come home to see? She caught his puzzled eyes on her hair, and laughed affectedly.

"Shocked at my platinum wig, dearie? Everybody's going blonde this year and I had to be in the swim, too. . . ."

"Introduce me formally to Bobby Shaftoe—is he my deadly rival?" said the Russian-bloused youth. Nora waved an arm towards him.

"Charles, this is my lover—Roger Denison. My *latest* lover, that is—there are stacks of old ones knocking about the room But Roger's a pastmaster of the technique of love. Don't blink, Charles darling . . . oh, isn't he sweet and innocent!"

Her peal of ecstatic laughter rent the air as Charles winced. . . . He felt like a strange wild creature in a cage with a horde of grinning, painted, screaming creatures circling and poking about him. So this was the life Nora liked, these her chosen comrades. . . .

* * *

His head was spinning, used to clear air and wide spaces as he was. Vaguely he found himself sitting in a deep chair, Nora perched on his knee, another girl on the arm running her fingers familiarly through his hair . . . and he did not even know her name!

Voices shrieked and chattered about him above the roar of the gramophone, Nora leading the chorus. . . .

"My God, I *was* tight last night!" . . .

It was Nora's, that last remark—a passing youth bent down and kissed her soundly upon her painted mouth. Stung, Charles muttered a profanity which the girl beside him caught and flung joyfully to the waiting crowd.

"Girls! The Cave Man's coming to life! He's actually waking up—have another drink, sweetie, and you'll be quite amusing."

Nora was dancing now, held in the arms of yet another of the tall, amorphous young men who all, Charles thought shuddering, seemed to look precisely the same.

All the women smelt either of drink or heavy scent; they all lolled in the arms of any man who came near them.

He winced, hearing the slim young thing who sat so carelessly on the arm of his chair shriek out a witticism anent babies the coarseness of which made him fairly blink. . . .

* * *

"Don't any of you young things want babies?" he asked abruptly.

The girl on the arm of his chair burst into laughter and beckoned Nora to her side. She repeated the question, and Nora threw back her artificially golden head and echoed her companion's laugh.

"Children—oh, my poor darling! Suppose the women from your aboriginal part of the world have babies in rows and rows. . . ."

"Love-making is probably the only way of passing the time," sniggered her partner—but the word he used was not "love-making," but a crude colloquialism generally reserved for man's use. . . .

Yet Nora never turned a hair, but capped the quip with another. Cheap wit anent motherhood, matrimony, the relations between the sexes flew back and forth until the gramophone struck up again, and the little group broke up into dancing couples.

Under cover of the din Charles Leighton rose and made for the door. . . . Once out in the cool, fresh air, he lifted his hot face to the skies and drew a long, relieved breath.

Life . . . that wasn't life! Life was clean and honest and real . . . *that* was only a horrible, artificial masquerade; as unreal as Nora's hair, her exaggerated frock—false as the paint on her mouth, as the thoughts and ideas, the ways and manners of her set.

But she liked it. She belonged there, it seemed. More than he did. . . . The quicker he got back to the East the better. But he would go—alone.

Late that night Nora Prynne sat smearing cream over her face before the tiny mirror in her pretty bedroom. Her smooth forehead was creased in a dis-

Evil Pretenders . . . they Play with Fire just to be SMART!

turbed frown—she had been, in truth, both troubled and a little frightened when she had returned to find her cousin gone.

And gone in "no end of a temper," as Amy Benson, the Bright Young Thing who had sat running her fingers through Charles Leighton's hair, had relishingly informed her.

Even allowing for the fair Amy's obvious irritation at her failure to keep the bronzed Englishman at her side, it was obvious that Charles had not enjoyed himself, or he would never have taken so early a leave.

But, reasoned Nora amazedly to herself, why on earth hadn't he enjoyed himself? The party had been a splendid one—specially got up for him, too.

All her smartest friends had been there; Amy and Roger Denison and the rest had been even wittier than usual; the drinks had flowed like water; her new frock was daringly becoming, and surely the newly done platinum blonde head could not fail of its effect. . . . Yet fail something had, and had failed direly.

After the others had left, she had rung him up, teased him about leaving the party, and asked him to dine with her mother and herself . . . . but the terseness of his refusal was eloquent.

* * *

Something had "put him off," to use the parlance of her crowd. . . . A thought struck the girl sharply; she paled under the mask of cream and sat staring before her into the mirror. A memory. . . ; The remembrance of a remark made tentatively, hesitatingly, by her mother only a few days before.

". . . You know, darling, I can't understand you young people. You aren't any of you half as bad as you like to pretend that you are . . . but do you really *want* to give people a false impression?"

What had she overheard Mrs. Eyre, her mother's great friend, say the other day? She had not understood it at the time, but the meaning of it stood out now with appalling clearness.

"One wouldn't care so much if there was anything *real* in the pose—one would know how to cope with it, at least! But this appalling modern trick of *playing* at being vicious . . . what on earth do they do it for?"

Play-acting . . . childish, contemptible, without even the excuse of overwhelming desire or real temptation! The girl flushed darkly, humiliated.

False vice . . . devoid of even the sorry credit of honesty! They were like children ashamed of simplicity, ashamed of virtue, of any frank and simple instincts, preferring to wear the coloured mask of sins that they did not even commit, nor desire to commit.

They only pretended to commit them. . . . In her heart of hearts Nora knew perfectly well that none of her "set"

. . . running her fingers through his hair . . . and he did not even know her name!

was anything remotely approaching the rakes and sinners they posed as being.

Roger her lover? What rubbish it all was! She had no lover, nor had she ever had one. Nora was as essentially virtuous as any Quakeress for all her lavish kissings in public. As were, indeed, the vast majority of these imitation sinners.

Roger Denison, for all his carefully cultivated appearance of viciousness and deliberately foul talk, was a perfectly normal young man who lived with an old mother of whom he was in truth exceedingly fond, but whom he habitually termed "The Hag" or "Jezebel," lest he be suspected of loving her after the outmoded fashion of the last generation.

Amy Benson was married and deeply in love with her husband; but it was not modish to admit to that sort of thing these days.

Virtue was out of date, yet Nora knew that all Amy's dark hints of illicit love affairs was so much talk, and no more . . . as empty as her own pose, thought Nora miserably.

Why did they all do it? She—herself—she had not really wanted to dye her hair, but she had not the courage to remain out of the running.

She hated cocktails in truth, and only drank them in public—just as she smoked. . . . She would have smacked any man's face who attempted to kiss her in private, though she "petted" in public as much as any other girl in her particular set.

* * *

She would no more have dared to admit aloud that she had in truth never had a lover than she would have admitted her shy longing for a baby, her liking for cooking and sewing, her belief in real love, her secret, shame-faced religious leanings . . . these things were not done.

One hid them deep in one's innermost heart, secretly hoping that some day The Man would turn up before whom one might be entirely oneself . . . but it had never occurred to her before that The Man might fail to see through the smartly vicious pose that was one's outward mask.

Never until to-day . . . and now it was too late. . . .

Next Week:

INTERFERENCE,
by Douglas Goldring

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

"Heartbreak House"

TREVOR, who recently come out of hospital, is nine years old. He is the second eldest of six children belonging to an ex-service man, who for the last two years has been a martyr to colitis and internal haemorrhage.

Trevor

In the course of ten weeks he has been X-rayed seven times, and has now been discharged from hospital as incurable. Formerly he weighed over ten stone; now he weighs less than eight stone, and is slowly wasting away.

His doctor attributes his bad health to his war service, and his case has been under consideration for a pension for over eighteen months—so far with no result.

"I am afraid if they are not sharp," remarks this ex-Service man, "they will be too late, as every week I am getting worse."

Meantime, his wife, who suffers with her legs, has been ordered into hospital for examination. She has to take one of the twin boys, aged four years, twice a week to the hospital for treatment, as the little chap is suffering from ulcers behind the eyes.

Not only has this family to cope with excessive bodily sickness, but, with dad out of work so long, and his National Health Insurance halved, they have only about 22s. a week to provide food, fire, light, milk for the youngest, aged two, and clothes for husband, wife and six children. Their rent is behind, which adds to the misery of this "heartbreak house."

Donations sent earmarked for Trevor's dad, or to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. List of subscriptions can be seen at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

BE SURE *before* YOU CONDEMN . . .

"When I taxed him with it, he flew into a rage, stoutly denying the accusation"

AFTER reading some of my letters this week I want to give this general advice: Never make an accusation against anyone that you cannot prove.

If you do, you might find yourself in the same plight as one of my correspondents. He tells me that he lives in a small town in the Midlands and that he is in partnership with another man in a grocery store.

His letter continues:

"We take it in turn, a week at a time, to go canvassing for orders in the villages round about. I have lately suspected my partner was not playing straight with me, and the other day a customer told me that she had been charged 3s. 6d. for an article that she could buy cheaper elsewhere.

"When I got back to the shop I turned up the ledger and found my partner had credited the firm with only 2s. 6d., thereby making a shilling for himself out of the deal. When I taxed him with it he flew into a rage, stoutly denied the accusation, and demanded to know the source of my information.

"Next morning he said he had seen my informant, who denied that she had ever told me, and he thereupon threatened to consult a solicitor and sue me for slander unless I took back what I had said.

Suspicions

"As I felt I was in the right, I refused to do so, but judge my surprise when I went to see this customer again and she refused to confirm what she had previously told me, saying that she did not want to be dragged into any unpleasantness.

"I may add that my partner is a distant relation of hers. Now I have received a solicitor's letter and I am in a quandary as to what I should do. Can you advise me?"

My correspondent tells me that previous to this one customer's complaint he had reasons for suspecting his partner. He does not tell me what they were.

Could they be established in a court of law? Or were they merely suspicions? If they were, he must remember that no man can be condemned on suspicion alone.

He quotes one case, but even that is only what is known as hearsay evidence. And if that customer denies having told him and he has no witness to prove it he would come out very badly in any court case.

I think that both my correspondent and his customer have acted very unwisely. She ought not to have said anything against a person that she was not prepared to substantiate. And he ought not to have made a serious charge on what was, after all, rather flimsy evidence—namely, the verbal and unconfirmed statement of one person.

To accuse a man of embezzlement is one of the gravest allegations that can be levied against him. It seems to me that my correspondent has only one course open to him. I am afraid he will have to eat humble pie.

He should approach his partner and, at the cost of an apology, seek to effect a reconciliation. Failing this, there is likely to be worse trouble in store for him.

* * *

I hope the Devonshire reader who has written to me will carefully consider this advice. Here is her story:

She lives in a small village seven miles away from the nearest town, and as she has two young children she is dependent upon the local carrier to do her shopping for her.

"I am suspicious about his honesty," she writes, "as I have found out that some of the things he buys for me are not full weight.

"The other day I weighed what was supposed to be a two-pound bag of sugar and found it to be nearly a quarter of a pound short. There have also been leakages with other things.

"I am only a working man's wife, and I cannot afford to go on like this. On the other hand, I am dependent upon the man, so what is the best thing for me to do?"

I agree with my correspondent. The cost of living to-day is heavy enough in all conscience, and not many people can afford to pay for goods they do not receive.

Her Problem

But she must be careful how she deals with her problem. As she is so dependent upon the carrier she cannot afford to quarrel with him. I think the best plan would be for her to have a talk with the man.

It might be done in quite a light and bantering way. When he comes back with her shopping one day she should take hold of some commodity that she suspects has been tampered with and say to him, "There doesn't seem to be two pounds here. Let us weigh it and see."

And if her suspicions are well founded it is up to the carrier to give his explanation.

She must not accuse him of pilfering until she hears his side of the story. The discrepancy may occur in the shop where he buys the goods. In any case, by acting in this way it would put the carrier on his guard, and my correspondent would be likely to have no further trouble.

There is another warning note I should like to pass on to my readers. When they pay for anything they should see they get a receipt and keep it for at least twelve months. Because one of my correspondents was lax in doing this she is likely to be worse off to the tune of over £2. She is smarting under what appears to be an injustice. Her letter reads:

"For a good many years we have dealt with the same stores, and we have always paid our account at the end of the month. When I was last in the shop I was asked if we had forgotten the February bill. It nearly took my breath away, as I insist upon settling up everything regularly. I told the manager this, but he stuck to his assertion.

A Case of Robbery

"When I got home I found the receipted accounts for March and April, but the February one was not there. Yet I am convinced that I paid it. Then it seemed strange that he should let me pay the later accounts without ever reminding me that this one was outstanding.

"It seems to me to be a case of robbery, and I shall be grateful to know what I can do to avoid paying the same bill twice. I have made up my mind that I will get out of it somehow."

My correspondent will be clever if she does so. In the absence of a receipt or of definite evidence to prove that she has paid it she is at the mercy of the stores manager.

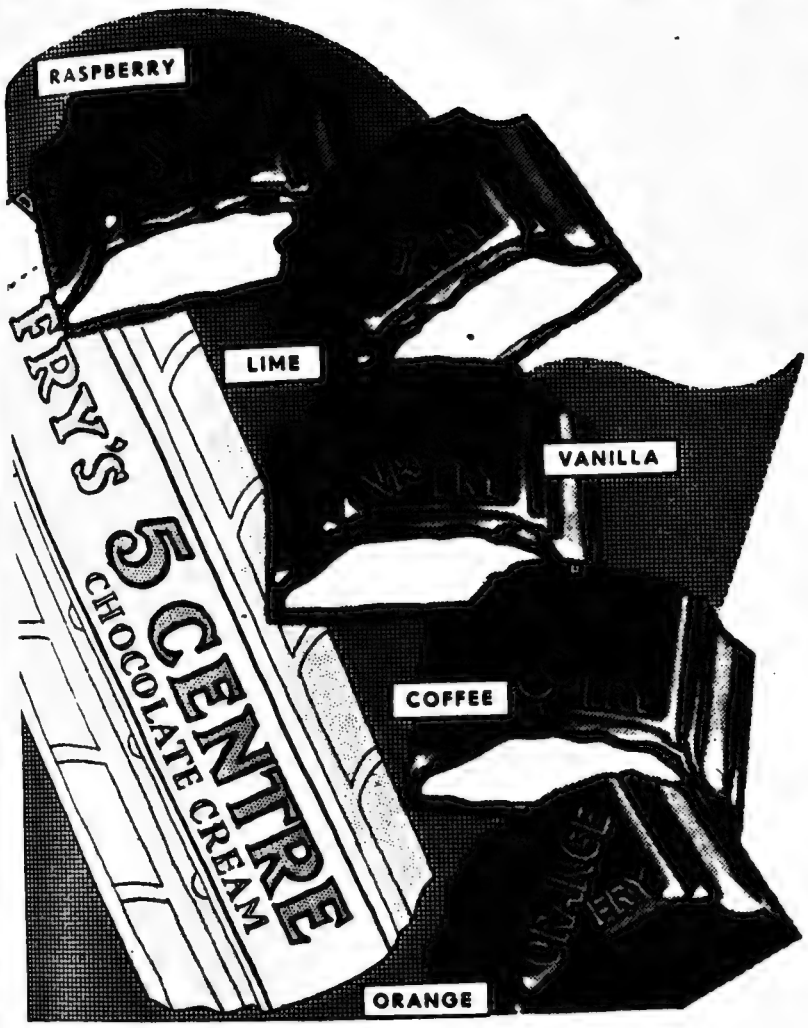
If he values her patronage he may not press his claim, but if he insists he could sue her in the county court and would almost certainly win his case.

My correspondent is certain in her own mind that she has settled this account. I should make it clear that if she has to pay it again she will transfer her custom elsewhere. That seems to me her most satisfying course. I need not emphasise her lack of forethought. She is likely to be more careful about her receipted accounts in future.

* * *

TELL "Humanist" about that trouble which is causing you anxiety. He promises to do his utmost to help you overcome it. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

Tried it yet?



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CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

A LANDLORD who Should QUIT

"It has become a pest place . . . the buildings have fallen down and gaunt rafter ends point accusing fingers at the sky"

No-Man's-Land of Ruined Farms

Revisited by L. F. EASTERBROOK

I HAVE been on an agricultural pilgrimage to Hampshire, and I don't know which is the more sore—my heart or my hands.

My heart is sore because the fair fields and fine farm buildings and a nappy village that I once knew are now a wilderness of weeds and desolation, and my hands still smart from fighting my way into ruined houses and buildings through forests of giant nettles

The estate I visited once consisted of some 4,500 acres of good Hampshire land around the hamlet of Barton Stacey, seven miles on the London side of Andover There were some half-dozen farms on it

Now even their names are in danger of being lost Cranbourne—New Down—Street Farm—Pump Farm—Ragbourne—Moody's Down—good old names But their identity is becoming lost beneath a sea of weeds and ruin.

The owner of this property is Mr. Michael Christopher McCreagh. Some of it has been derelict for ten years.

Only one farm—Cocum (about 400 acres)—is now in cultivation. A few meadows of Manor Farm and the house are let, and last year about 116 acres were suddenly let for a few months, but this year they are tenantless again.

None of the rest of the property is farmed by Mr McCreagh himself, and would-be tenants have been rejected.

Take the largest farm, Cranbourne. It covers 880 acres.

Once prosperous

I knew it when its useful soil let at £1 per acre and carried good crops; when its buildings were full of sleek cattle and the produce of its fields; when its fine farmhouse, with its lawns and gardens, and the little stream that ran past its windows, housed a prosperous and progressive farmer.

To-day its fields are a dismal waste, and have known no cultivating hand for ten years.

It has become a pest place, infesting the country round with weeds and vermin.

The local authority has had to make orders against the owner to compel him to destroy the weeds. But the next year they are as bad again. The buildings have fallen down and gaunt rafter ends point accusing fingers at the sky.

Nothing has been seen like it since the battle-wreck of Flanders. Nature, ashamed of man's insult to her fertility, is trying to hide the gaping ruins with six-foot nettles that fill the old farmyard.

The house is falling, the windows are smashed, the ceilings have come down, the walls are rotten with mildew; from them great pieces of wallpaper flap like shrouds.

In the old drawing-room dead leaves rustle in the winds that blow through the ruin. They whisper and mutter through the empty rooms like ghosts—the ghosts of English agriculture.

One can no longer make a way through the choking undergrowth of the lawn and garden in front of the house.

There is only a narrow, crooked path, worn by the occasional feet of tramps, that gives access to the front door. But over this a creeper has come down and mingled with the weeds One must go almost on all fours to get in, even as Alice entered Wonderland through a rabbit hole.

Trail of waste

But surely the grotesque tragedy of fertile but derelict land on the one hand, and, on the other, thousands of would-be cultivators who cannot get land and are unemployed, out-Carrolls anything that Dodgson ever conceived.

On the opposite side of the road are hovels called cottages. There are holes in their thatched roofs and great flakes of plaster off the walls. The inmates have lived there for years and never even seen their landlord. Nor can anyone defend the condition of these miserable dwellings.

Five minutes in a car further on, another desolate waste of 150 acres. Beyond this 200 more derelict acres, and another ghastly ruin of nettle-covered buildings and a farmhouse — one more farm lost to human use

Between the two is the village of Barton Stacey, a flourishing hamlet in 1918.

Now there are few but the old men left in Barton—old men who dream sadly of the happier times they once knew, but who are now too old to leave this haunt of desolation. "We don't live here, we only linger," one of them told me.

Every young man in Barton Stacey shakes off its accursed dust from his feet at the first opportunity.

One may stand at Drayton Pump and see at one's feet stretches of decent agricultural land where hardly a green thing is to be seen, except the overgrown hedges; no roots, no pasture worthy of the name—only mud-coloured fields, with here and there great waving squares of dry, brown docks that rattle in the wind.

It may be added that the landlord is a tenant for life of an estate of which these farms are a part. He has always protested against paying tithes on this particular part of the estate.

Evil land system

The reason for his dislike of tithes may be good or bad, but it should not be possible for anyone to express his dislike by laying waste the countryside.

I visited him once. I was then a pupil on these farms, and the farmer had asked me to take a note to him by hand.

Mr. McCreagh opened the door to me. A handsome man, with keen blue eyes and a spruce moustache, he would now be about fifty-five years old. He was most charming. He gave me a glass of port and an excellent cigar, and spoke to me in the accents of Eton and Balliol.

As the law stands, he is perfectly within his rights in all that he has done. The evil lies in this travesty of a land system that makes it possible for a man to abuse his property in such a manner.

During the war, when we had to take farming seriously, if anyone behaved like this his land was taken over and cultivated. One of these farms—Ragbourne—was taken over in this way then.

But now, it seems, we do not any longer care. Misery, unemployment, ruin and devastation may stalk through the land without hindrance, and the State is powerless.

Economy so-called

Dr. Addison's Land Utilisation Bill would have prevented this, and, had it become law, this estate was scheduled as the first to be dealt with by its provisions.

But the National Government has shelved the Bill on the grounds of economy.

Economy! Ye gods and goddesses of the countryside, Ceres, bringer of the corn, and Demeter, the sweet mother, giver of all increase, is that what you would mean by economy?

SLIEFESTAW

What are they talking about? "Passwords!"—the *Passing Show* ten-minute competition for folks in a hurry. All you have to do is to strike out the unwanted letters and there is your "Password." There are eight to be solved each week.

Get the *Passing Show* and enter for this new competition which is all smiles and no frowns! £150 First Prize must be won!

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3 shades whiter in 3 days

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Dental Cream.

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It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

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DOES the AIR make Us COWARDS?

It is safer to fly an aeroplane than to drive a car

by

Sir Alan COBHAM

who has just started a Round-Britain "Air Circus" to popularise Flying

ONE of the greatest secrets of our past prosperity is our place in the world as a nation of transporters. Our merchant fleets have sailed the Seven Seas. We have been the universal Carter Patersons.

But now an Air Age is dawning, and it looks as if we may lose the position which we have held for so long.

Unless we can take advantage of the new possibilities which are opening before us, we shall fall behind in the international race and become a second-rate Power.

Think of these opportunities! We are leading the world in aircraft and engine design and efficiency of personnel. Our Air Force is the fastest in existence. According to the official statistics our passenger-carriers are the safest in the air.

And yet, in the number of machines, we come no higher than fifth. Compared with America's 48,000 miles of air-routes, France's 19,000 miles, Russia's 12,500 miles, and Germany's 10,000 miles, we have a meagre 7,985 miles to our credit.

Why this lamentable backwardness? Simply, we have not yet developed an air sense. We have not even enough machines to arouse public enthusiasm for flying.

Our Air League, which makes valiant efforts to stimulate aviation, has a membership of only 6,000. The similar organisation in Germany has 48,000 members, Italy's has 50,000, and Russia's 9,000,000.

The acute lack of landing facilities in this country is holding up flying at every turn.

* * *

It ought to be possible to fly (and land) from anywhere to anywhere, instead of which an airman, when he reaches his destination, is obliged to land, by the grace of God and the indulgence of a farmer, in a privately owned field.

If he wants to refill, he must leave his machine with the cows while he sets out on foot to look for a garage. Motoring in 1900 was not more primitive.

I believe large numbers of people are quite ready to take to the air, for the motor roads are becoming a nightmare of congestion, and it is now possible to fly a light 'plane at a modest cost of threepence or fourpence a mile.

Business men would be only too glad to travel by air if they could ring up for an air-taxi at a moment's notice. A good many people who travel by charabanc would be delighted to patronise aero-bancs if they existed.

But everything is held up through the lack of landing-grounds. Airports are not established because local authorities and business men feel unconvinced that there is enough traffic to warrant them.

* * *

And while there are hardly any airports, and so no aviation services, the public remains ignorant of the possibilities. So we move in a vicious circle.

An audacious passenger on one of the early railways wrote in his diary that, though he hardly expected anybody to believe him, he had actually travelled at twenty miles an hour—an adventure which a man might experience once in his life, but never again.

Many people take up a similar attitude towards air travel to-day. Whenever there is an air fatality it is featured in all the newspapers. I am sure that thousands of people imagine it is still extremely dangerous to fly.

I often wonder whether it is not a fact that the general public is afraid to fly. How otherwise are we to account for the extreme slowness with which air travel is developing?

Even now we commonly use the expression: "I would no more think of doing so-and-so than I would think of flying"—as though flying was the height of dare-devilry!

Even in the Air Force, where dangerous experimental flying has to be carried out, there is only one death for more than a million miles flown.

In civil aviation, flying is even safer. I believe in all seriousness that it is safer to fly an aeroplane than to drive a car on an arterial road.

When once this is realised, there will be a big boom in flying. There are signs that this boom is quite ready to begin at once.

* * *

Every town and village should have its municipally owned aerodrome. It should be an integral part of every town-planning scheme. Every municipality should at once earmark a suitable site for a landing-ground and develop it gradually as circumstances permit.

Even if we only maintain our present rate of increase of aircraft, we shall have 20,000 private machines by 1935 and 50,000 aircraft by 1938. This means that we might have as many as 5,000 aeroplanes landing in London in a single afternoon.

The future is in the air, and it is a future which will make present-day travel seem tedious and exhausting.

A great opportunity awaits us if we will take it. But we must realise what is before us, and get off the mark while there is yet time.

The Human Machine

Why Not Enjoy To-Day

THERE is a tendency among young people to-day to despise life. They profess an impatience with its modes and conventions. They sneer at its methods. They groan under its disciplines.

Though they do not know it, they betray in every word and every action their ignorance of life. They want to run before they have learned to walk. They want life to give them everything, and they are unwilling to contribute anything themselves.

They spend all their energies in looking for something that does not exist—simply because they insist on complicating what is really the simplest thing in the world.

"To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, that is wisdom," said Emerson. It is more than wisdom—it is the only secret of happiness. For what else is happiness than to fill the minute and crowd the hour, to leave no loophole for repentance, no crevice for regret? What else is happiness than the capacity to take what we find and enjoy it without question?

Most people make too large demands on life: and because they keep their eyes fixed on far horizons they miss the daily miracles beneath their feet. They miss most of the best of life because they impatiently await to-morrow instead of squeezing the last drop out of to-day.

When your dog goes

off his food

—time for a Bob Martin

MANY dog owners are anxious to know why their dogs go off their food at this time of year, when they are beginning to enjoy regular exercise once again.

Loss of appetite is nearly always due to overfeeding or too much rich food. The result is a little sourness in the stomach and then an impure bloodstream.

Just now, a common fault of dog owners is a delay in adjusting their dog's diet to the warm, spring weather. Many dogs are getting meals more suitable for a winter's day. Unless they get a great amount of *regular* exercise, dogs can only digest modest meals of plain food, taken regularly.

You can always restore your dog's appetite by giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove all blood impurities and tone up the whole system, but as dogs begin to lose condition very quickly when their blood is so impure, the safe plan is to *prevent* loss of appetite by providing your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders at regular intervals. In this way, all thoughtful owners during the last 40 years, including the world's most famous Breeders, have kept their dogs in glorious condition, free from unhappy ill-health.

Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*. In a week or so you will be amazed at the *difference* which real *condition* makes to him.

Chemists, dog biscuit shops and big stores everywhere sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

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cure *and prevent* all blood ailments such as

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you will receive your winnings by return from the "Big Two." They offer you a complete Service for every class of bet and a square deal.

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It takes the whole of him—just to make one handbag

Snakes Are Now PAMPERED

STRANGE things in one of the world's strangest trades are happening in the great jungles and swamps of the tropics on behalf of the women of England.

Natives are being taught to have a more tolerant and friendly attitude towards death-dealing reptiles which they were trying to exterminate as recently as two years ago.

Fifty different kinds of slimy, sinuous creatures are actually being encouraged to multiply—and all because women, and British women in particular, want shoes, hand-bags and purses made of reptile-skins.

* * *

In Bermondsey, the headquarters of the leather industry, experts are examining thousands of skins to make sure that the mission for a more enlightened handling of reptiles is succeeding.

Quite the queerest thing that has happened in connection with the new vogue is the Bull Frog mission to the New Gold Coast and other parts of the world where there are marshes that are the paradise of frogs and their bigger cousins.

The natives are now being taught that instead of regarding bull-frogs as noisy, troublesome creatures that keep the neighbourhood awake with their croaking, they must be regarded as public benefactors. And every effort should be made to encourage them to have bigger families.

When the time comes to kill them—and killing them is still to be regarded as the ultimate aim—this unpleasant job must be carried out without leaving as much as a sign of injury, and especially without a puncture of the skin.

White emissaries of the women of England are showing the natives how this can be done by attracting the bull-frogs with appetising baits and hitting them deftly on the nose with a mallet at just the right moment.

Five years ago natives used to rush to their mud-huts in terror on learning that there was a giant python capable of strangling an elephant in the vicinity.

To-day they are as happy over such a thing as an English farmer would be if a prize shorthorn belonging to nobody in particular strolled into his meadow.

Then there used to be a time when the presence in the district of a forty-foot boa constrictor was the signal for dragging all the children of the place to safety.

Nowadays the natives not only try to encourage the reptiles they once tried to exterminate, but actually aim at building up little reptile farms that will ensure them a happy living and a comfortable retirement.

* * *

No wonder the tanneries of Bermondsey, once devoted to tough British hides that were the only leather-wear men and women wanted for centuries, have a terrifying jungle look about them. In them they measure off sudden death at so much a foot.

At one of them they are selling the biggest boa constrictors, capable of killing by constriction the largest mammals in the world, at 6s. a metre, tanned, dyed and polished.

In one corner are stacked thousands of Indian whip-snakes, rattle-snakes of a deadly type, at 1s. 9d. each. Or you can have their skins ready for the shoe factory, finished in any conceivable colour, at about half a crown.

At the moment they are the most popular reptile skin for feminine footwear, and thousands of natives in the Indian jungle are enjoying the best job of their lives in catching them with nothing more than a forked stick.

Sometimes the snake wins. But Bermondsey never hears much about that.

* * *

In a room at the tannery lies all that is left of a three-hundred-years-old crocodile which has probably eaten a man or two in his time. And now—more's the pity—he is a little too tough to provide a man with a pair of shoes, and they are wondering whether he will be any good for leggings.

Even as a rug he would wear for ever!

Here and there, bereft of their heads and tails, are baby crocodiles just big enough to be folded, stitched and made into one woman's handbag. The woman who buys it has accounted for a whole baby crocodile.

There is a thirty-foot anaconda, the world's most evil-tempered snake, snatched from the marshes and swamps hidden in the dense forests of tropical South America. The choicest parts of it will be at Ascot.

To think that two of them would be enough to keep Hyde Park empty!

There are fat little lizards, each of which has fattened himself up on flies to provide nothing more than one woman's shoe. Revolting little water-snakes all the way from Africa. Talagoyas—quadrupeds not quite big enough to provide a single pair of fashionable footwear—from India. And chameleons from the American continent.

In all, fifty different kinds of reptile, so dangerous and hateful that the world wanted to rid itself of them only two years ago.

"Cinderella" is not the most romantic of all stories about shoes!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Cheeses for Owners

WHO will win the Champion Cheshire cheeses presented to the owners of the first, second and third horses to pass the post in the Chester Cup Stakes?

I might add that, in addition to the Cheshire cheese, the winning owner receives about £2,000.

One of my Newmarket friends tells me that Ut Majeur is just the type for the turns on the Deeside course, and also that Pahokee is having a special preparation.

Of the two I prefer Ut Majeur, but the Aga Khan's stayer has a packet of weight. Anyway, someone has to win the cheeses, and I expect Notice Board to annex No. 1.

Blue Vision and Ut Majeur may credit their respective owners with the others.

Pricket is my selection for the Victoria Cup, but is subject to alteration in the Code if I receive last-minute information.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 28, to Wednesday, May 4.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

YHC97RWX would read MIRACLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

DJC95X2 would read BURGEE.

SELECTIONS for APRIL 30

by Our Football Expert

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) EVERTON v. Bolton.
(2) SUNDERLAND v. West Ham.
(3) ARSENAL v. Middlesbrough.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Chelsea.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Aston Villa.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Huddersfield.
(7) DERBY v. Liverpool.
(8) Manchester C. v. Wednesday
*(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Leicester.
(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Newcastle.
*(11) W.B. ALBION v. Grimsby.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) LEEDS v. Southampton.
(2) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Charlton.
*(4) BRADFORD C. v. Preston.
(5) Bristol C. v. Manchester U.
(6) BURY v. Forest.
(7) MILLWALL v. Burnley.
(8) Notts v. WOLVES.
(9) OLDHAM v. Hotspur.
(10) PORT VALE v. Chesterfield.
(11) Swansea v. Stoke.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

*(1) FULHAM v. Bristol Rovers.
**(2) READING v. Orient.
(3) BRENTFORD v. Boscombe.
(4) CARDIFF v. Norwich.
(5) COVENTRY v. Watford.
(6) EXETER v. Palace.
(7) GILLINGHAM v. Mansfield.
(8) LUTON v. Brighton.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Swindon.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Torquay.
(11) Thames v. Q.P. Rangers.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

**(1) LINCOLN v. Wrexham.
(2) GATESHEAD v. Tranmere.
*(3) BARROW v. Stockport.
**(4) CHESTER v. Carlisle.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Doncaster.
(6) Halifax v. Southport.
(7) Hartlepools v. CREWE.
*(8) HULL v. Accrington.
(9) N. Brighton v. Rotherham.
(10) Walsall v. York.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*H*); Div. II. 1 (*H*); Southern Section—2 (*H*); Northern Section—4 (*H*) would indicate Portsmouth, Leeds, Reading and Chester.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (J. & H.), Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.: inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

START FISH TRADE.—6 Stone Mixed for Frying or Hawking, Best Quality, £1 Cge. Paid. Write Prices.—REG. HURST, Pontoon, Grimsby.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

JUST PUBLISHED—JOHN NOBLE'S WONDER CATALOGUE! One of the most marvellous Books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Outfitting, etc. All goods Carriage Paid. Over sixty years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 330-page Bargain Guide. — JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (DEPT. A7), MANCHESTER.

TEA AGENTS WANTED; BIG PROFITS; SAMPLES FREE.—IMPORTERS' CORPORATION (DEPT. L), 145, HIGH HOLBORN, LDN.

MAKE MONEY at leisure. Agents wanted to form Clubs.—Write for particulars, Websters, Ltd., Dept. B., Crawshaw Road, Pudsey, Leeds.

SPARE-TIME Agents to sell finest quality Empire Tea at cut prices in London and Suburbs. Big commission.—Write or call, 10-4, Lavells Tea Dept., 131, Regent Street.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

READERS are invited to send for BOLSOM'S CATALOGUE and particulars of their agencies for which they pay cash commission. See advt. on page 31.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS, — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BUY Hosiery w'sale to sell again; over 60% profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Commencing pay now £3 15s. per week, rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County and Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again, 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat free.—Trunit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

"MAKING Money with a Printing Machine—85 ways fully described." This wonderful 100-page profusely illustrated Book just published is worth £ £ £'s to any man seeking to increase his income. Obtainable price 3/6 or post free 2/9 from Adana Agency 1, Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London. Also Twickenham.

COULD YOU DO WITH £5 to £10 EVERY WEEK? We are old-established wholesalers looking for smart men and women to commence finding our super-value goods in their areas. Lowest terms. — Write for full information. "J. B." S. BROWN & SON, 7 & 10, HOUNDSDITCH, LONDON, E.C.3.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BENNETT COLLEGE advt. on page 12.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 123, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters. Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades 50 for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BUILD a BUSINESS by Mail! Retail and Wholesale Houses in London and suburbs with goods suitable for postal trade should arrange for free consultation with *John Bull's* Mail Order Expert, who will personally call and advise upon mail order schemes. Inquiries specially solicited from small progressive traders. Absolutely no obligation. Apply on business letter-heading to The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

BARGAINS GALORE!—Thousands in to-day's "Exchange and Mart" 2d. at your newsagent's. Specimen Copy free. Send a postcard now to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS. The Wonder Book of Patterns Post Free. Over 100 new designs plainly marked at bargain prices. All papers English made. Write for your copy to the original mail order firm, Blakey, Morris & Co (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55/56, London Rd., Elephant, S.E.1.

TILES with easyfix instructions from 2/- doz. Send for list.— FURLONG'S, facing Tramyard, Thornton Heath Pond, Surrey.

A SPRING-CLEANING TIP. Clean walls with "Wa-Kleena," which removes smoke, dust and grime from wallpaper, distemper and ceiling. See advertisement in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW" (page 2).

FREE GIFT of three pocket handkerchiefs to *John Bull* readers. Accept the offer made by Messrs. Ambler, Price & Co., Ltd., in their advertisement at foot of page 3.

"Let me help you to start right"

Start this season right by choosing the finest Bicycle value money can buy.

I want to come and help you in your choice. I want to come and tell you all about B.S.A. Bicycles—the machines that are built by a firm with over 70 years' reputation for quality, reliability and long service.

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I want to come and tell you how easy it is to buy a B.S.A. Bicycle out of your weekly pay envelope. Don't delay me—send the coupon NOW.

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Send Coupon NOW

B.S.A. CYCLES, LTD. 63, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Please send B.S.A. Bicycle Catalogue

Name.....

Address.....

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey Heather, etc., 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds. Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

WALLPAPERS. Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. List Free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 19) 228 Mile End Road LONDON.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs, Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

A FREE PICTURE is offered by W. E. BIDDICK on page 27.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the large B.S.A. advt. on this page. It will bring you a FREE CATALOGUE of B.S.A. BICYCLES, which can be obtained for 2/2 a week. Get your copy now.

WRITE for the illustrated "HERCULES" CYCLE CATALOGUE for full range of models and particulars of easy terms. Address: The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham. See advt. on page 16.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

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Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

FILL in the coupon in the DRAGE advt. on page 23 and secure your FREE COPY of the DRAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of their 50 Pay Way terms.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5/- Carr. pd. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72 Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more. Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James Street, Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn, EC1.

CONCERTINAS, Piano-Accordions, Guitars, Gramos., Ukuleles, Banjos, Mandolins, Saxophones, Jazz, Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

WHOOPING COUGH. — Vapo-Cresolene allays irritation, quickly relieves cough and breathing difficulty. Free Booklet No. 46L from Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., LONDON, E.C.3.

RUPTURE AND ITS MODERN SUPPORT. Trusses superseded. An appliance studied and made scientifically for you. A trial will convince you. Apply for FREE Booklet.—Supreme Appliance Co., 15a, Highgate Hill, London, N.19.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.58), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

WOULD you like a couple of glasses of "WINCARNIS?" Send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 141, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS are invited to send for a free sample of "CURICONES" and a copy of a wonderful booklet. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt on page 34.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE OF WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER, the safe family remedy recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses, can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 26.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU NEED "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1

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All Sweet Shops

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull*.

FREE.—A copy of the "SUN-MAID" RECIPE BOOKLET, as offered in the advt. on page 20, awaits every reader who simply sends a postcard to Dept. J.B.7, Producers' International Sales Association, Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. This excellent book contains nearly 100 recipes. Every mother and housewife should send for a copy.

READERS' attention is drawn to the FREE GIFT OFFER of RAZOR BLADES in the "SAXTONIA" SHAVING CREAM advt. on page 25.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Blushing or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy confident personality.

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If they had a great mountain of moorland like Kinderscout in Switzerland it would be covered with hotels (Kinderscout-Kulm) and tourists.

The Peak District is wild, savage moorland at one end and beautiful glens and dales at the other. It is a paradise for all who go afoot or awheel.

Find out about it, tramp through it and fall in love with it as everybody does. It will be an abiding treasure.

Obtain a copy of "Holidays by L M S" (The comprehensive resorts and apartments guide) and illustrated folder, post free 6d.

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Tourist Tickets—May to October.
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FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

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But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 1d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

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STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
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HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector. Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price £5.16.3

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We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including **Graves Single-Speed Cycle** fitted with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model **£6:10:0**. Terms: 6/- now and 6/- monthly; also **Graves 'Speed King' Club Model**, weight about 29lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's **£6:17:6**, Terms: 6/6 monthly; **Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £8:7:6**. Terms: 8/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. Fullest Approval.

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When I was AFRAID

by Letter Parliament Contributors

Shadow's Cause

I WAS alone on a farm in Cape Colony, sitting with my back to an open window on a hot summer's evening, writing a letter.

Suddenly a huge shadow fell across the paper, and glancing over my shoulder I saw what I believed to be a man drop below the window ledge.

Then I saw a large animal running towards the hills. Once it stopped and stood up. It was a full-grown gorilla.—Mrs. S., Batley.

Grim Holiday

While spending my holidays at a farmhouse in Westmorland I was awakened in the early hours by the farmer, who stated that he had killed all the household and I was to share the same fate.

I was terror-stricken. Leaping for the window as a means of escape, I was seized and a scuffle followed.

Meantime, other members of the household arrived, and it was soon apparent we were dealing with a madman. The poor man had gone mad and was later removed to an asylum.—*Nedsmar, Prescot.*

Welcome Call

Fear gripped me as I peered from an upper window into the night and saw the road beneath transformed into a foaming torrent.

For three hours the Dargle had overflowed its banks; our ground floor was now entirely submerged, cutting off escape; flood-tide was due at midnight, with the harbour at the end of the road. And the river was still rising while our baby slept in his cot.

Then, as hope flickered, a boatman's cheery hail above the din, "Anybody want help?" brought relief to anxious hearts, and we were rowed to safety.—*W. R., Bray.*

Sized Up

The worst moment of my life was when I had to teach my first lesson to a class of fifty boys. The headmaster took me into a class-room where these sat, and as we entered there was dead silence.

I knew that those fifty were weighing me in the balance and finding me considerably wanting. I felt twice as small as the smallest boy there, and when I spoke my voice seemed miles away.

However, I got through the ordeal; but it is one I shall never forget.—*Beta, York.*

At Sea

Standing on the deck of a great Cunard liner, gradually pulling out from Southampton Docks, visions of the home and friends I was leaving floated through my mind, and panic seized me, as I realised how much I was leaving behind me for a new life in Canada.

My venture might prove success; it might prove failure.

As the vessel continued her course, reassurance gradually came to me, and hope was restored. Happily, my fear of failure did not mature.—*K. D., Plumstead.*

"That's Him"

While passing a police-station, I was asked to help in an identification parade. A man was wanted for murder.

Ten of us lined up, with a suspect in our midst, and a woman was called in. Without the slightest hesitation she pointed straight at me, and said, "That's him."

My face turned crimson, and my knees trembled. I fully expected to be arrested on the spot. Visions of the condemned cell and the rope rose up before me.

But the inspector merely smiled, and assured me that identifiers were often mistaken.—*C. N., Tottenham.*

Mother Anguish

The hour before dawn! A little cot and a little figure—restless, fever-flushed, fretful. "Would the doctor *never* come!"

Visions of empty arms, and a lonely heart. Loud tickings of the clock. Shapes in every shadow. Unspoken prayer. Silence.

Then the sound of slower, more measured breathing; the sight of closed eyelids; the little form quieter under the benediction of peaceful sleep.

"Quite a change for the better. Your child is safe now!" the doctor said, later. Yes! Thank God! But how afraid I was then.—*Mrs. R., Southall.*

Two Knocks

As a lad on my first visit to London I missed the last train home. A hunchback offered to find me accommodation, and took me to a dilapidated house near King's Cross.

Before opening the door he gave two peculiar knocks. Then a stockingless woman, with both eyes blackened, appeared, and I grew very uncomfortable.

When I found my bedroom window shuttered and barred, a sickening fear took possession of me, driving away all thought of rest.

Groundless though my fears were, I was thankful when I took my seat in the train for home.—*J. K. N., Erdington.*

Wrong Man

"Got you at last," shrieked a woman, flinging her arms round my neck. I was too astonished to resist her attack—she was of the Amazon type—and in a twinkling I was flat on my back, with her on top of me.

"Police! Police!" she screamed. The usual crowd gathered, and about half a dozen policemen came up.

She told them that I was her husband, wanted for maintenance arrears. At the police-station I soon assured her I was not. But what a fright she gave me!—*J. S., Hulme.*

Arrayed

One afternoon, when my mistress went out, I crept up to her bedroom and peeped in the wardrobe.

Rows of sparkling evening dresses confronted me—cloaks, shoes, and everything I envied.

In two ticks I was arrayed in a gorgeous dress, spangled shawl, and shoes to match. I made up my face and was about to survey the effect when the front door opened.

Steps came up the stairs and straight to the room. There stood my mistress!—*Mrs. B., Bucks.*

Nearly Boiled

I was fireman on a cargo-boat, and had gone down between the boilers, gathering waste.

Later I found the manhole had been replaced and I had been forgotten. Then, to my horror, I heard water pouring into the boilers. Fires were being lit to get up steam to sail that night; it meant being boiled alive.

I hammered on the sides, but got no reply. When the next watch came on I was missed, a search was made, and I was rescued just in time.—*P., Wilts.*

• • •

Scares

The door opened, a voice said, "Next, please." It was my turn, and my first visit to the dentist.—*M. Kendall, Shipley.*

When I said, "I will"; but years of love and happiness, together with hardships, have taught me that my fears were groundless.—"*Mum,*" *Hillingdon.*

The "boss" was about with cards in his hand, and we were slack. I was afraid. I am now "signing on."—*R. W., Ingham.*

When I was a nursemaid to a small boy he threw a shovelful of worms over me. It was his revenge because I rebuked him.—*T. W., Essex.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 3.

The Luck I'd Like Again.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"For sale, 200 New-Laid Egg Boxes."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"A turnstile man was unable to get all his money moved in time, and £20 in ASH was lost."

WIMBLEDON BOROUGH NEWS:—"Mr. —— considers that local GOUT should be kept apart from politics."

SPALDING STANDARD:—"On Good Friday the Post Office will be open on SUNDAYS."

EVENING NEWS:—"Fifty years ago we knew nothing of BUGS."

THE DESIRE OF HIS LIFE (Novel):—"A tiny brown figure OF a white Shetland pony was waving to him excitedly."

GARDENING GUIDE:—"I exhibited PARSNIPS six times last season grown from your GIANT MARROW seed."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"A man, with a SHEET of lead piping, walked along the front of the colliery offices."

KETTERING FOOTBALL TELEGRAPH:—"After making grants totalling approximately £25 to INJURE players."

THE THRILLER:—"He sleeps the sleep of the BUST."

OBSERVER:—"The Labour Party unanimously adopted Mr. —— to contest the IMPEDING by-election."

WILTSHIRE NEWS:—"His experiences also include going down a GOAL mine."

DAILY SKETCH:—"The convicts were driven in MOTOR-CARS and escorted by warders in OTHER CARS. They will be distributed to various PRISONERS throughout the country."

PAIGNTON OBSERVER AND ECHO:—"Another dance is to be held on EASTER MONDAY night, so that supporters will have plenty of chance to enjoy themselves over CHRISTMAS."

Happy, healthy play—joyous childhood days

Bright sun, fresh air and Gibbs Dentifrice keep teeth sound

Gay play days. Perfect health, perfect teeth—and all the boisterous joy of healthy, happy children living under the sure protection of Gibbs Dentifrice.

Their teeth well guarded now means sound health assured in grown-up years.

Mother is wise. She chooses Gibbs Dentifrice—the most widely-used dentifrice in the British Isles.

The fragrant refreshing foam from Gibbs Dentifrice searches out every nook and cranny in the teeth and mouth, cleaning away all harmful deposits, and gently polishing the teeth to glistening beauty.

Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.
Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d and 1/-.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE

SEND THIS COUPON FOR GIBBS TRIAL BOX

CONTENTS OF GIBBS TRIAL BOXES

LADIES': Gibbs Dentifrice Dental Cream, Shampoo Powder, Cold Cream Soap and Cold Cream Foam (*Vanishing Cream*)

GENTLEMEN'S: Gibbs Dentifrice, Dental Cream, Shaving Cream, Shaving Stick and Cold Cream Soap

Gibbs dainty Trial Box, containing 5 useful sized samples, is specially made up to acquaint you with the excellence of Gibbs Toilet Preparations. Send 6d in Stamps or P.O. for each box required, under cover of sealed envelope to:—
D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 36 V.), London, E.1.

Please send me.....Ladies'.....Gent's Trial Boxes.

Name.....

Address.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS GIBBS

12 Best Bargains

PLATE GLASS MIRROR & 5 RUGS for 10/-

Post 1/- extra
Voted best Bargain in Daily Mail Competition!

Oval Mirror (or Hexagonal) of plate-glass with oxidised chain for hanging. Size 14 in. by 16 in. 5 Reversible Rugs in rich designs on grounds of Blue, Green, Old Gold, Red, Fawn, etc. *State colours preferred.* 3 Rugs, size 36 in. by 24 in. 2 Rugs, size 57 in. by 12 in. Foreign.

Club Agents Wanted.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOMS', 157-8, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS SMART WALKING SHOE
WITH "ITSHIDE" SOLE & HEEL

8/11
Post 1/- extra.

Uppers of real Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Calf. Every pair flawless. Quote B.B. 9030.

Sizes 8-10 (11, 1/- extra. 12 & 13, 2/6 extra).

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT

B.B.26. Full Chrome Black Box Calf or Tan with treble leather soles. Waterproofed. Leather lined throughout.

8/10
Post 1/- extra.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS., 157, STRAND, LONDON

Sizes 8-10 (11, 1/- extra 12 & 13, 2/6 extra).

Special BARGAIN Offer!
GENUINE REPTILE SKIN SHOES. *500 Pairs Only!*

Cut from real reptile skins on latest model lasts. Beautiful markings. In grey only. High grade shoes, perfect fitting; every pair flawless.

M.B.P. 1

10/9
Post 9d. extra.
Sizes and half-sizes 3 to 7.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS., 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

M.B.P. 2

LARGE CASH COMMISSION to Club Agents. Particulars Free

AMAZING VALUE!

C.327. SOLID OAK CHEST. Polished a rich brown, 2 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 2in. wide; 18 in. deep.

C.325. SOLID OAK GATE-LEG TABLE. Polished brown. 2 ft. 6 in. square when 2/- extra part carriage open.

18/6 EACH.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on request.

BOLSOM BROS. *Dept. P.1.*
157, STRAND, LONDON.

OUTSTANDING VALUE!
BEDFORD CORD BREECHES

B.B. In brown or blue cord; countinuations, regulation style, laced self strappings. Sizes 32 to 42 in. waist.

6/9
Postage 9d. extra.

Leather Leggings: Sizes 13 in. to 17 in. calf, 8/9.

LIGHTWEIGHT MAC.

W.100. Finest Indiana Cotton, proofed pure rubber. In fawn and putty. Sizes 34 to 46 in. chest.

5/-
Post 6d. extra

Illus. Catalogue Post Free on request
Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS. 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

THE "HIKING" SHOE
RECORD VALUE

6/11
Post 9d. extra. In all sizes 5 to 12.

Sub Agents Wanted. Largest Commission.

No. 6K. For Hiking or everyday wear. In black or Tan, unlined uppers with about crepe soles and heels. (Two piece Vamps. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Full of great Bargains:

BOLSOM BROS. *Post order to Dept. P.1.* 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

FOR THE GARDENER

Ballast Roller

No. 901. The 14 in. hollow drum can be water or sand filled to required weight. Amazing Value.

Lawn Mower

No. 902. Special 10 in. 5 bladed cylinder Hexazon nut adjustment and shield. Enamelled Grass Box 4/6 extra.

18/6
EACH
Post Carr. 2/- extra.

Club Agents Wanted. Highest Commission

Outstanding Value.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
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TWO SPECIAL OFFERS

TWEED SPORTS JACKETS.

J.567. In strongly woven tweeds in medium and dark grey, fawn and heather mixtures. Stitched half-belt. In sizes 34 to 44 in. chest

FLANNEL TROUSERS

T.72. In light, medium and dark grey hard-wearing flannel. Sizes 32 to 42 in. waist. 44 to 46 in. 2/- extra.

Club Agents Wanted. Large cash commission

8/9
Post 1/- extra.

5/9
Post 6d. extra.

BOLSOM BROS. 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

GUARANTEED WRINGER

20/-
Post Carr. 1/6 extra.

No. 903. A wringer of extraordinary strength, guaranteed for 5 years. Strong wood frame with side pressure control screws. Double cramp. 16 in. rollers (Foreign). Wonderful value. *Post order to Dept. P.1.*

LARGE CASH COMMISSION to Club Agents. Particulars on application.
BOLSOMS', 157-8, Strand, London, W.C.2.

GUARANTEED SCHOOL FOOTWEAR
With ITSHIDE Soles & Heels

B.B.514. In black or tan leather uppers. Guaranteed for real hard wear. For Boys and Girls. Also Oxford Style.

Sizes 7 to 10 — 3/11
11 to 1 — 4/11
2 to 6 — 5/11
Post 6d.

Sizes 7 to 10 — 5/11
11 to 1, 6/11
2 to 5, 7/11
Post 6d.

B.B.510. Boys' strong Derby Boot. In black box or tan, leather lined to toe.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.

Post orders to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS. 157-9, Strand, London.

HIKERS! HERE IS A GREAT BARGAIN!

No. 904. Complete Outfit:—Khaki drill Shirt and Shorts. State sizes required. Rucksack in double texture khaki twill. Webbing straps. Slip Pattern Shoes in black or tan grained leather, leather lined throughout. Sizes 8 to 11.

20/-
COMPLETE
Post 1/- extra.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Request.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS. 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

HALF PRICE CARPETS

No. B.12. Reversible carpets and rugs in rich colourings and designs on grounds of green, blue, old gold and crimson. (Persian)

WONDERFUL VALUE.

118 x 78	18/6
80 x 54	8/11
72 x 36	4/9
54 x 27	2/9

Post 1/- extra.
Post 6d. extra.

Post order to Dept. P.1.
BOLSOM BROS. 157-8, STRAND, LONDON

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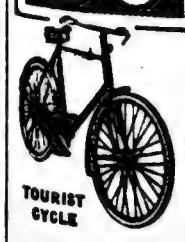

TOURIST CYCLE

FINEST CYCLE VALUE IN ENGLAND

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
DUNLOP HAMMOCK SADDLE
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STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED
GILBATH GEAR CASE
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All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Chain & Reflector.

CYCLE DEPT., FIRST FLOOR.
Why not write for Illustrated List?

CASH PRICE £5-10-0
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SELFRIDGE'S
SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1.

DELIVERED FOR 6/-

ROADSTER CYCLE

JOHN BULL SHATTERS ALL X-WORD RECORDS!

£3,000

MUST BE WON EASY TO ENTER NO CLAIMS REQUIRED ONE PAPER ONLY

£100 SECOND PRIZE

HERE is the biggest "Crossword" sensation of to-day—an overwhelming fortune of £3,000 for solving "John Bull's" fascinating puzzle! Since "John Bull's" X-word prize has been won outright again and again, there is no reason why the whole of this colossal prize should not be your reward for entering this record contest. In no other Crossword before the public can you win so staggering a sum as £3,000—and this mighty prize, which would make you independent for life, may be yours for half an hour's amusement.

This is your big opportunity, but you must grasp it quickly. Get busy on the absorbing puzzle this evening and remember that for this record contest you can send in as many entries as you wish.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution and Winners will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, May 12th.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners in connection with this Contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, May 26th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, June 7th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

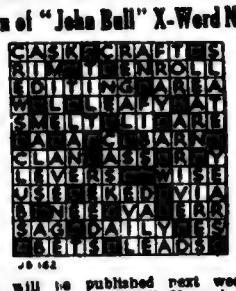
SEND ENTRY FEE AS BELOW

With 2 squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With 4 squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING

Extra entries at same rate—see Rule 1

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

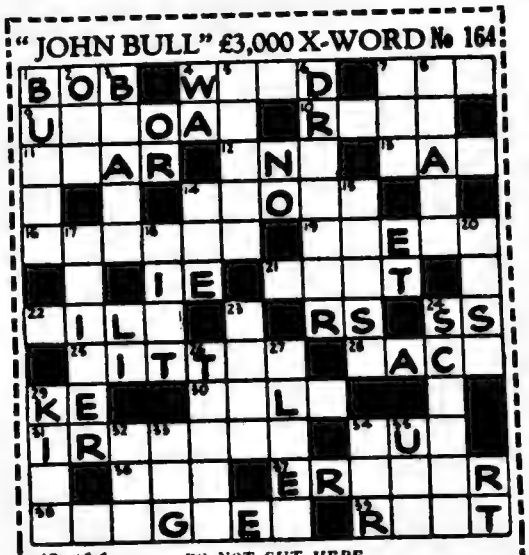
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 162



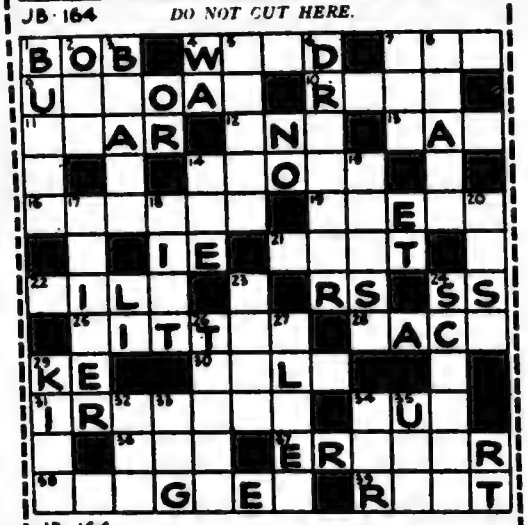
JB 162

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 162 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No 164



JB·164 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·164

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

OUR HUGE X-WORD PRIZE AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!
See No. 161 Result on Page 36

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Slang for a shilling.
4. Is in fairy godmother's hands.
7. Is often in shafts.
9. Discharge.
10. Comes out in spring.
11. What frightened horses do.
12. Single number.
13. Is seen around a field.
14. Corrode.
16. A dozen.
19. Falling of the glutton.
21. Is used when casting metals.
22. Document concerning money.
25. Small particle.
28. Every one.
30. Often runs round garden.
31. A troublous island.
34. May provide food.
36. Moved swiftly.
37. Removes typist's mistakes.
38. Walk which attracts attention.
39. Repose.

CLUES DOWN.

1. In a damaged condition.
2. Wisest number of drinks.
3. Follows playing with fire.
5. Love intensely.
6. It moves mud from river bed.
7. Residue of a cigarette.
8. Cut.
14. Got Adam into trouble.
15. Rub out.
17. What he writes is not always accurate.
18. Cheerful song.
20. Making one is warm work.
23. Having this gets you on in life.
24. Are often made at home.
26. Nasal tone of voice.
27. Older.
29. Awaiting daddy on his return.
32. An age.
33. Loiter.
34. Is known to fishermen.
35. Apply to a purpose.

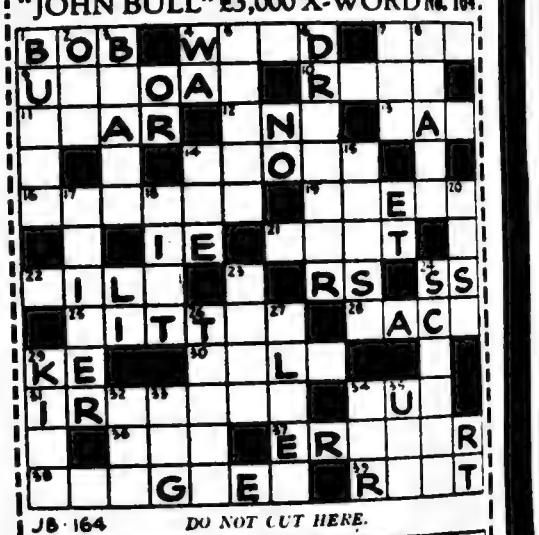
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, May 12

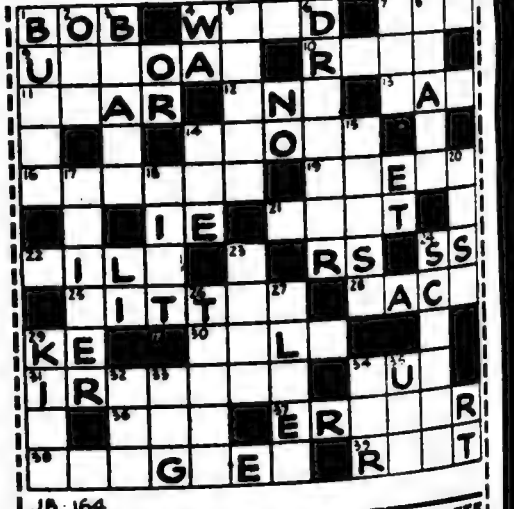
£150 IN TEN MINUTES!

Fill in a spare ten minutes by trying your hand at "Pass-words"—the amusing new contest with a £150 cheque and other prizes for finding EIGHT WORDS ONLY. See this week's "Passing Show."

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 164



JB·164 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·164

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

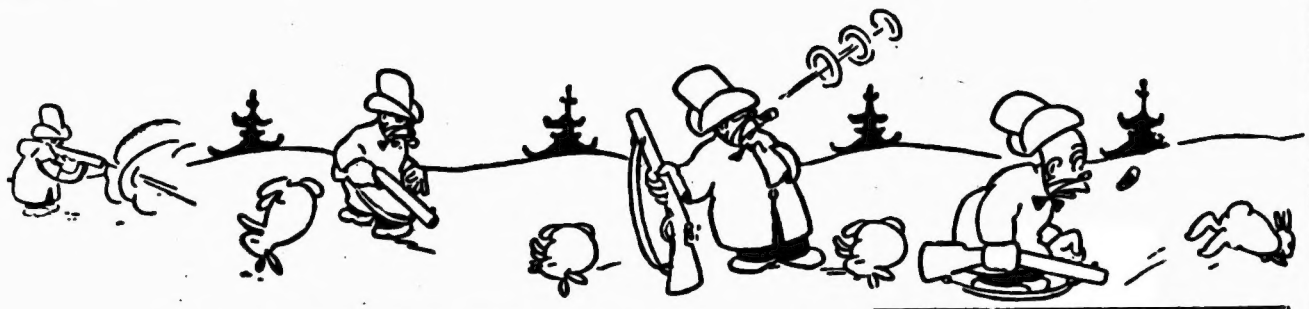
.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

POST EARLY AS POSSIBLE—ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 164,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH for this £3,000 contest. Two further entry forms will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" X-word Department, stating number of additional forms required.



The EDITOR Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

A. S. (Hendon).—"Genius is a disease." We are glad you are so fit.

T. K. (Chelsea).—"I prefer to remain unknown." Have you any alternative?

T. L. (Staines).—"I never see anything to laugh at." You should get a mirror.

G. F. (Margate).—"What is a golfer?" In many cases we are afraid he isn't.

D. L. (Hackney).—"What is love?" The eleventh word on a telegram.

L. M. (Sonning).—"He can actually write with his toes." Foot-notes.

J. H. (Boston).—"How many spring hats does the average woman want?" More.

G. M. (Goole).—"Don't you think this note paper is rather sweet?" Yes, but why spoil it by writing on it?

TOM (Wivenhoe).—"I am taking up tennis this year. What is the first thing to learn?" To say "Sorry, partner."

C. M. (Exeter).—"I gave Carnera a dig in the ribs as he passed me in the street." You great bully.

B. L. (Burnley).—"Miss 1932 has her head on her shoulders." Or on somebody else's

G. P. (Morecambe).—"There will certainly be a long, fine, hot summer." But where?

G. S. (Fulham).—"I fear I made an ass of myself when I called." We did not notice anything unusual.

S. F. (Cardiff).—"As you might suppose from my enclosed photograph, my looks are the result of good food." Good, plain food?

MRS. D. S. (Toronto).—"In Canada a mistress often treats her maid like a daughter." In this country a maid often treats her mistress like one of the family.

K. G. (Mayfair).—"Can you recommend a good slimming course?" Yes, we enclose the address of the boarding-house where we stayed at Easter.

S. C. (Cambridge).—"I wrote you a previous letter, but my two-year-old son tore it up." Good gracious! Can he read already?

F. L. (Wimbledon).—"The modern girl's hair looks like a mop." That doesn't worry her; she doesn't know what a mop looks like.

DAIRYMAN (Honiton).—"I have modelled in butter a scene of our local cricket team. No doubt the fingers of some of the fieldsmen look very realistic?

F. M. (Manchester).—"I was furious at being kept waiting so long at the post-office counter." You stamped with impatience?

F. S. (Simpson).—"The oyster is the most foolish of all fish." Maybe, but it has the sense to take a four months' holiday every year.

R. P. (Mayfair).—"The limitations of a stiff evening shirt worn at the theatre stop many hearty laughs." But not so many as the limitations of a play.

N. P. (Chelmsford).—"My wife was very anxious to read this article before I sent it." Couldn't she wait until it came back?

H. K. (Hendon).—"Brushing the hair with a soft brush is said to induce sleep." Another method is to take a long-handled broom and bang it on the ceiling until the wireless above stops.

D. E. (Reading).—"I recently walked from Reading to London to see my favourite film star." We can't help feeling that a real fan would have run.

DOCTOR (London, E.).—"The nerves which react most readily to music are in the fingers." So that's why we long now and again to lay our hands on the neighbour's gramophone.

BETTY (Over).—"Is there anything a girl hates more than compliments?" Yes, the lack of them.

ADAMSON: Not a Dead Shot

T. B. (Norwich).—"My eldest son has made up his mind to be an explorer." He should go far.

B. M. (Doncaster).—"A Swedish professor claims to be able to increase a person's height." A tall story.

C. H. (Streatham).—"Cocktails are dying out." But they still have a kick in them.

T. T. (Manchester).—"Ford has placed an eight-cylinder car on the market." Lizzie, meet Octavia!

H. N. (Daventry).—"I am not growing any green peas this year." Our neighbours keep fowls, too.

FREDDIE (London, E.).—"I have the choice of working on the road or remaining on the dole." It's up to you to take your pick.

AGGRIEVED (Exeter).—"Why should my husband tell people he married me because I'm a good cook?" Well, he must have some sort of an excuse.

WIFIE (Netley).—"The first time my husband met me was when he saved me from drowning." Since when, we expect, he has minded his own business.

B. H. (Brixton).—"It is very difficult for some of our best acrobats to secure an engagement to-day." Even tight-rope walkers are slack.

C. H. (St. Margarets-on-Thames).—"I wrote this article for the fun of the thing." What a depraved sense of humour you have.

E. N. (Cardiff).—"I enclose a ten-page article showing what I did in the Great War." What on earth did they want all the other soldiers for?

N. J. (Putney).—"Steamship companies are now offering sea trips on the instalment plan." A good way to keep them fresh in memory.

T. B. (Liverpool).—"Is a clever woman one who can see the point of a joke?" No, one who can laugh at a joke without seeing the point.

H. G. (Hitchin).—"When both the teacher and the pupil are dull, the result is negative." We had no idea you were self-educated.

MRS. E. (Glasgow).—"A butcher I know sells mutton at 6d. a pound. I ask, Is it fair?" We are more inclined to ask, "Is it mutton?"

G. F. S. (Taunton).—"The modern girl does not appeal to me." Never mind—there are some good round figures on page 35. *Bullets* First has jumped to £600, and we're also offering 100 other valuable prizes.

M. N. (Colchester).—"I saved the wireless set, the gramophone and the white Pekinese when my house was burnt down." Then what was the good of having the fire?

JOURNALIST (Fleet Street).—"JOHN BULL always strikes me as a healthy publication." Our circulation is so good.

M. P. (Leeds).—"It is necessary for two persons to live in the same house for three days in order to know each other properly." Apparently, our maids have no desire to become well acquainted with us.

R. T. G. (Streatham).—"Fifty years ago a suburbanite's only thought in life was to keep up with his neighbours." Nowadays, however, owing to the popularity of the two-seater, his sole ambition is to flash past them.

C. K. (Lincoln).—"I went to the dentist three times last year, and what do you think I found at my last visit?" That the magazines in the waiting-room had been changed at last.

F. M. (Goole).—"You do not see much pole-squatting nowadays." No, but the punting season will soon start.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

N. C. (Dalston).—"I always whistle when things go wrong." Are you a football referee?

YOUNG STARS KNOW

that years need not mar their loveliness

Charming ROSE HOBART, *to be seen in* Universal's *film "East of Borneo," says: "For keeping skin very smooth I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful. I am devoted to it."*

Fascinating HELEN TWELVETREES, Radio Pictures *star, says: "To guard my skin I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it is a lovely Soap."*

EVERYWHERE they've smiled their way into the hearts of film lovers! These young stars have such appealing beauty... and they *know* that it will stay with them through the hurrying years.

Like all the famous film and stage stars, they know that a perfect complexion is the secret of real loveliness. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps our skin soft and smooth," they say. There's hardly a star who does not give her skin this simple care.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep *your* complexion smooth and flawless, too! See how its rich lather caresses your skin, how fresh and fragrant it leaves it! All grocers, chemists and stores have Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX Toilet Soap

4D. *a tablet*

TL 389-312-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

who eats FOX'S GLACIER MINTS ?

"I," said the Doctor, "They're a boon and a blessing, soothing, digestive and very refreshing."

The finest Peppermint in the World.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd.
(Dept. 15.A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

STOMACH TROUBLE

NEVER FREE FROM PAIN

Mrs. Towse, 24, Middle Walk, Northstead, Scarborough writes: "Having suffered for years from a Weak Stomach, I was never free from pain except when lying down. I used to dread going out, and was for over two years always ill—on and off. We read about Vitadatio, and of the good it had done, and my husband got me a bottle. Having taken about eight bottles, I am now a different person; life is worth living, and I am free from pain."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V164.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

to the FAMILY MAN

NO doubt you feel happy and secure o' nights knowing there are no such things as demons to disturb your rest.

But do you realise that last year the fire demon devoured eight million pounds worth of property—the rich man's castle and the poor man's cottage alike?

Rarely is the annual damage less than that, and sometimes it exceeds ten million pounds.

What if next year's total includes the home you have lavished so much care and love and hard-earned savings upon—a mere nothing in such a colossal figure, but a heart-breaking calamity for you and yours!

No such things as demons! Why, have you forgotten the torrent that tore the heart out of the peaceful Lincolnshire town of Louth a year or two ago?

Have you forgotten the menace of sickness, lightning, burglary, storm, the peril that lies in wait on your sports ground or your children's playground?

Probably you have seen for yourself the awful, hopeless dismay of those who have thought there were no such things as demons—and then have suffered from the savage depredations of one or another.

There are things more devastating in the world to-day than the Dragon St. George slew.

Be on your guard!

That comfortable feeling of security you have at your fireside may be misplaced one day unless you avail yourself of the protection I offer you FREE, in the shape of

- Fire up to £1,000.
- Burglary up to £200.
- Storm, Flood up to £300.
- Home Accidents up to £200.
- Sports Accidents up to £500.
- Sickness Benefit up to £10·10s.
- Lightning damage to wireless up to £10.
- Children's benefits, £3.

And there is besides a bonus of 10 PER CENT. This will be added to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Can you afford to throw away such an amazingly generous offer of home protection?

Banish the demons of present-day life *Now* with a sweep of the pen! It is the work of less than a minute. The coupons are here:—

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 30/4/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 30/4/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS CONQUERED!

1,600 Doctors have prescribed 'Curicones.'

FURTHER 10,000 FREE TREATMENTS OFFERED TO SUFFERERS

Cross-section (highly magnified) of Human Vein

BEFORE
taking 'Curicones'
Note the 'Acid Daggers' and poisons in the blood which cause the fiery agony of Rheumatic Ailments.

AFTER
taking 'Curicones'
They rid the system of the razor-edged crystals and poisons which cause swellings and rheumatic pains.

NO CRYSTALS

RELIEF ASSURED

Cases of Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Swollen Joints, excruciating Sciatica and Neuritis once thought beyond hope yield to 'Curicones' no matter what the first cause. Pain is banished, swelling reduced, stiffness relieved—from within through the natural agency of the blood-stream without interference with daily occupation.

Every reader who sends the coupon will receive a test supply of 'Curicones' ABSOLUTELY FREE. Also a full and detailed account of the discovery and nature of 'Curicones' together with a number of striking tributes to their efficacy from many physicians and others.

SEND THIS COUPON
or postcard will do.

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD., Mfg. Chemists & Druggists (Dept. J.B.2), 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE AND POST PAID a Trial Supply of 'Curicones' with booklet explaining what they are and WHY THEY CONQUER rheumatic and allied ailments.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Ailment.....

KINDLY WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

TWO SENSATIONAL ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK ONLY
£600
"BULLETS" DOUBLE-FIRST
OTHER PRIZES
SECOND £50
10 OF £5
25 OF £1
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
THIRD £25
10 OF £2 10
500 OF 2/6
"BULLETS" SEASON TICKETS
EACH OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES ENTITLES ITS WINNER TO ENTER FOR A FREE "BULLETS" WEEKLY FOR 12 MONTHS

BACK YOURSELF FOR "BULLETS" BIG DOUBLE!

FOR somebody who enters for *Bullets* this week, May is going to be a merry, merry month indeed! JOHN BULL has doubled the First Prize to the fine round sum of £600, and this substantial cheque may be yours for a few well-chosen words on one of the coupons on this page.

As well as hundreds of other cash prizes, ranging from £50 down to 2s. 6d., there is another big attraction in this week's prize-list. As many as 100 "Bulleteers" are to receive "Season Tickets" which last one year and enable them to enter over 200 *Bullets* without entry-fee. If you can put one of these fine new prizes in your pocket, a big *Bullets* cheque may speedily join it.

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* below and make a note of any rough idea which may occur to you. Then polish it up so as to form a pointed comment and link up aptly with the *Example* chosen.

Take, for instance, the *Example* TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN. Your first thought might be something like GET RID OF GRUNDY. Then, seeking better phrasing for this idea, you might polish it into GIVE GRUNDY "GOOD DUSTING," and so complete a *Bullet*.

Before you start making your efforts, spend a few minutes with the winners below, noting for yourself how ingenious wording has turned an ordinary idea into a prize-worthy *Bullet*:

BE BOLD AND—*Don't* BRAVE LIFE ALONE!
HARD FACTS—TELL CHILD "TO FACE."
GHOST OF THE PAST—CREPT IN—"SHOOK FOUNDATION."

Now get busy—and remember that if Friday, May 20, is to bring you that £600 telegram from JOHN BULL, your entry must be in by Saturday, May 7.

Choose from these "Examples"

TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN
THE FLAG
FUTURE TAXPAYER
READY FOR SUMMER
DE VALERA
TROUBLES
JUST IN TIME
LIGHT OF UNDERSTANDING
SHOWING THE WORLD
SHE'S A CAT, SO
ALL ALIVE
IN COURT
CLUB BORE
ENDLESS
FOOLISH ECONOMY
GETTING RUSTY
FATHER'S BEST
STARTLING
GRISLY RELIC
GIVES ME THE CREEPS
KING CRICKET
GENTLY
MAN IN THE BACKGROUND
FLATTERS HER
OASIS IN THE DESERT
CLEAR
FAIRY FOOTSTEPS
HIS WEALTH
WEAK SPOT
THE PRODUCER
STINGING
WHAT THE JEWELLER SAID

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 845 will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, May 5.

FREE AID FOR YOU.

"I OWE my success completely to JOHN BULL'S wonderful little weekly, *Bullets Bulletin*," writes Mr. A. Curtis, 16, Blairdardie Road, Glasgow, the winner of £500 in Competition No. 843. "Armed with *Bullets Bulletin*, you have the finest weapon to start your attack on the prize-list."

To win a few "Targets" and then soar suddenly to a prominent position in the prize-list was the experience of Mrs. M. A. Jennings, 549, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield, in No. 842.

Acknowledging the receipt of the Second Prize of £50 and a £21 Radio Set, she remarks, "I must emphasise the fact that your *Bullets Bulletin* has been of valuable assistance to me."

"Last year I placed an order for *Bullets Bulletin* and have not missed a week since," says a £30 winner, Mr. H. Woolley, Station Road, Lenham, Kent. "The result? 'Targets' galore, including two 'Red Seals,' 2s. 6d.—and now this splendid prize. I consider *Bullets Bulletin* my guide, philosopher and friend."

Once you have seen your first copy you will understand why so many big winners owe their success to its expert guidance.

Let the coupon given on this page bring you a copy of *Bullets Bulletin* every Thursday for twelve weeks. You pay only the trifling cost of postage—but you receive the best weekly guide to the prize-list which any competitor could wish for.

The original cheque for 500 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 844 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Carr, Victoria Road, East Hebburn.

£150 FOR 8 WORDS!

There's a fresh thrill awaiting you in "Passwords"—the amusing new 10-minute contest with an increased First Prize of £150. It's out in to-morrow's "Passing Show."

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(848) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. May 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(848) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. May 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(848) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. May 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(848) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. May 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 848, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 848 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

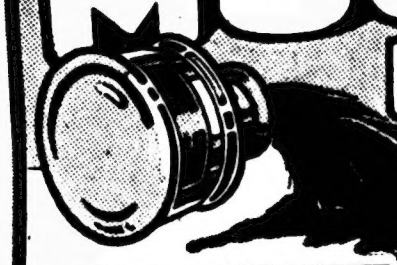
Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 13, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

MUCH INK HAS BEEN USED EXTOLLING THE VIRTUES OF 'ASPRO'



"Millions of gallons" of printer's ink must have been used in broadcasting the claims of 'ASPRO' medicinal efficiency throughout the civilised world. In return gallons of ink from the pens of the people—the users of 'ASPRO'—have testified that the claims made have been true. Had they not been true there would have been no 'ASPRO' in existence to-day. 'ASPRO' gives the service claimed for it and renders it quickly and effectively. So 'ASPRO' fame has spread throughout two hemispheres and has become by its own virtues the "master medicine" of the world to-day. Its definite claims are enumerated here. The reason for its great variety of uses is because 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is an Internal Antiseptic—a Germicide—a solvent of Uric Acid and an Anti-Periodic, thus attacking the causes of numerous complaints. We herewith give some direct testimony as a result of the "flow of ink" from the people's pen.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza and cold attacks is, first, because it is an Anti-pyretic or Fever Destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful Internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

NURSE USES 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS

Dear Sir, Barnsley.
I find 'ASPRO' tablets wonderful. When I have a cold it is the first thing I go for.
Thanking you.—Yours faithfully,
NURSE M.

MOTHER & CHILD HELPED

86, Lome Road,
Dear Sirs, Northampton
After taking your wonderful 'ASPRO' am fully recovered from what might have been a serious illness. A friend told me to try them and I can honestly say they are what you claim them to be. I also give them to my little girl with the same results. Trusting you will use this to advertise your wonderful 'ASPRO,' wishing you all the success you fully deserve.
Believe me to be,
Yours very sincerely,
H. DUNKLEY (Mrs.).

TWICE THE MAN SINCE USING 'ASPRO'

55, Chantry Road,
Dear Sirs, Southampton.
I cannot express in writing my gratitude for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. As a sufferer from nerve trouble for some years, I tried dozens of so-called remedies without satisfactory result until I tried your tablets. Now after six weeks taking 'ASPRO' I feel twice the man.
Yours faithfully,
R. C. CURRIE

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.)
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Tel.: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.
ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' CLAIMS

1. It stops violent headaches in five minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in a few minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere, everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves malaria by reducing the fever.

'ASPRO' IS ALL-BRITISH

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL—3D 6D 1/3 2/6

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ANOTHER LIFE PENSION PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Crossword Competition No. 161.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from:—

W. Taylor, 5, Ynys Street, Ynyshir, Glam.

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £3 a week or £1,250.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 10th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 28 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 15s. 9d.

Beaumont, J., 117, Doncaster Rd., Wath-on-Dearne, Yorks; Berrill, Miss F., 36, Northcote St., Northampton; Burgess, F., 1, Blosse Rd., Llandaff Nth., Cardiff; Chambers, Mrs. M., St. Olave's, Drayton, Nr. Abingdon, Berks; Constable, Miss C., 2, Shelton Colls., Babbsbaw, St., Leonards-on-Sea; Eason, J., Top Rd., Garndiffaith, Mon.; Eastman, Miss L., East Cliffe House, Grove Rd., Bournemouth; Lygett, Mrs., 20, Ailsworth Rd., Stratford, E.15; Fisk, E., 172, Park Rd. North, Birkenhead; Griffin, J., 545, Green Lanes, Harringay, N.8; Harvey, F., Longford, Yiewsley; Jellie, Miss C., Croxton, Station Rd., Frimley, Surrey; Johnston, J. L., 2, Morley St., Consett, Durham; Johnstone, M. A., c/o 2, Belle Vue Terr., Lobster Rd., Redcar; Lever, C. A., 6, Albert Bldgs., Wellington St., Winson Green, Bham; McHale, Mrs., 60, Broad Oak St., Nottingham; Miller, Miss, 35, Bengal Rd., Winton, Bournemouth; Pell, Miss M. M., Sunny Bank, Moor Lane, Wilmslow, Ches.; Radley, Mrs. E., 14, Bridge Rd., East Ham, E.; Roberts, Miss G., 175, Albert Rd., Widnes; Rothwell, C., 96, Pinner Park Ave., North Harrow; Thomas, M. H., 1, St. Peter's Walk, Droitwich, Worcs.; Tolley, S., Bladon, Woodstock, Oxon; Walton, Miss M., Bird Inn, Hill Top, Dipton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Wilson, Mrs. A., Rechire Cott., Harbledown, Canterbury; Wilson, Mrs. J. M., 149, Preston New Rd., Blackburn; Woods, A., 56, Crawford St., Marylebone, W.1; Wootton, G., 18, Wyfan Place, Cardiff.

Be sure to enter for "John Bull's" Record X-Word Contest this week with the colossal Must-Be-Won First Prize of £3,000. Turn to Page 32 and fill in your Entry NOW.

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.

(482E) 274, Deansgate, Manchester. (482E) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society. (Please write plainly).

.....

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

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